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CORRESPONDENCE

WE have great pleasure in making known to our readers that MESSRS. WAITE, PEIRCE & CO. have become the Publishers of the Living Age. By the arrangements we have made with this vigorous house, the very great increase of the work in circulation, and consequent influence, may be confidently anticipated. Our responsibility to the public is greatly increased, but the accession of strength, which has come to the work, will make our labors cheerful and hopeful. We "thank God and take courage."

Messrs. Waite, Peirce & Co. will make it an important part of their business to supply yearly subscribers with punctuality. And there is much in the direct intercourse between the Readers and the Editor and Publishers which is very gratifying.

THE Author's Daughter will be immediately issued in a separate form by Waite, Peirce & Co.

THERE are several phrases in the article on Mr. Blanco White, so coarse in the language used by the reviewer towards religious opinions differing from his own, that we should probably have still longer hesitated to publish it, had it not been recommended to us by a gentleman holding the opinions thus attacked. With this exception, we are glad to publish the article, as the subject is of great interest everywhere, and especially to many persons in this neighborhood who were well acquainted with Mr. White.

The *Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy* has been completed by Messrs. Harper. This work is full of practical matters, and is worthy of a place in every family.

No. 26 of *Wiley and Putnam's Library*, is *Selections from Taylor, Barrow, South, Fuller, &c.*, by Basil Montague. These specimens

will make thousands desirous of a better acquaintance with great minds. No 27, *The Twins and Heart by Martin Farquhar Tupper*. Of this we do not know anything; but the sound judgment which is evinced in the whole series, is our sufficient warrant for recommending each of the volumes.

PAINE & BURGESS have sent us the fifth number of the series of Italian Prose, which Mr. Lester has translated from his consular residence at Genoa. It is *The Autobiography of Alfieri*, and will probably be still more successful than the volumes which preceded it.

THE *American Review* for October looks very well. We must pay more attention to this and the rival "Democratic Review" than we have yet done.

Upham on the Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life, was strongly recommended to us by a Congregational clergyman, as an eminently practical work: he did not agree in all the doctrines taught in it, but thought the influence of what he supposed incorrect, was as nothing compared with the good to be derived from the eminently devout spirit which breathed through the whole of it. We do not know whether we may not like the work the better for the faults which to our friend's eye were apparent, but we have so much confidence in his praise, that we give it without waiting till we are able to add our own.

A lot of books for young people has been sent to us by the same publishers, Waite, Peirce & Co. The titles and handsome bindings are all that we could copy before they were carried away: *Mary Wilson; The Rosette; Trials of the Heart; The Parsonage; Shawmut*, (this is all about Boston. The frontispiece is a picture of an Indian, probably the mayor at that time;) *The Royal Oak; Pastor's Stories; Home made Happy*. Also, *The Stranger*

in *Lowell*, by J. G. Whittier: (we must now further delay our visit to Lowell till we read this.)

A *Personal Narrative of Residence as a Missionary in Ceylon and Southern Hindoostan*, by James Read Eckard,—we think we shall like very much. This, and a little book called *Kindness to Animals*, have been sent to us by the American Sunday School Union.

ONE of the most attractive and valuable books which we have lately seen, has been published by Messrs. Sorin & Ball, Philadelphia: *Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil*; embracing historical and geographical notices of the Empire and its several provinces. By Daniel P. Kidder. In two volumes, with many illustrations. Brazil is becoming a great nation, and it is necessary for every man, who wishes to be well informed, to make himself acquainted with its present and probable condition. It has formed one of the most important subjects of debate in the British Parliament, and the necessity of making a commercial treaty with that empire has driven, or probably will drive, Great Britain from some favorite points of her policy in relation to slavery—or will cause her to say to Brazil, as she did to China in the spirit of the French Revolution—Let us either trade or fight: “Soyons Freres ou je t’assomme.” This book is by an American missionary—and has attracted great attention in England. Next week we shall have an article from the *Spectator*, and shall follow it with others, considering both the subject and the book to be worthy of much room. One of the faults which have been found with the writer, is somewhat an unusual complaint against a traveller;—it is that he has not given so many of his *personal opinions* as was desirable,—he being eminently qualified, from his intimate knowledge and evident ability, to guide the opinions of his readers.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMACHER.

O, ONLY see how sweetly there
Our little church is gleaming!
The golden evening sunshine fair
On tower and roof is streaming.
How soft and tranquil all around!
Where shall its like on earth be found?

Through the green foliage white and clear
It peeps out all so gaily
Round on our little village here
And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, as one may see,
With its own grace and purity.

Not always does it fare so well,
When tempests rage and riot—
Yet even then the little bell
Speaks out: “’T will soon be quiet!

Though clouds look black, and pour down rain,
The sunshine, brighter, comes again.”

And when the organ shines and sounds,
With silver pipes all glistening,
How every heart, then, thrills and bounds,
And earth and heaven seem listening.
Such feelings in each bosom swell!
But what he feels no one can tell.

O, see in evening’s golden fire
Its little windows gleaming!
Bright as a bride in gay attire
With flowers and jewels beaming.
Aye, look now! how it gleams and glows,
Fair as an apricot or rose!

Within our little church shows quite—
Believe me—quite as neatly;
The little benches, blue and white,
All empty, look so sweetly!
On Sunday none is empty found—
There’s no such church the wide world round!

See where against the pillared wall
The pulpit high is builded,
Well carved and planned by master-hand,
All polished bright and gilded.
Then comes the parson undismayed,
They wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up a hero, there,
And leads them on to Heaven—
Through all this world of sin and care—
The flock his God has given.
Soft falls his word as dew comes down
On a dry meadow parched and brown.

But see the sun already sinks,
And all the vale is darkling,
Only our little spire still blinks
With day’s last golden sparkling.
How still and sacred all around!
Where shall a church like ours be found!

THE BAPTISM.

SHE stood up in the meekness of a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair young child
Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul were gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven.

The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glowed fervently with faith,
That it would be, even as he had prayed,
And the sweet child be gathered to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on,
Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of her beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That to the eye of God that mother’s tears
Would be a deeper covenant, which sin
And the temptations of the world, and death,
Would leave unbroken, and that she would know,
In the clear light of heaven, how very strong
The prayer which pressed them from her heart
had been,
In leading its young spirit up to God.

Boston Recorder.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by himself; with portions of his Correspondence.
 Edited by JOHN HAMILTON THOM. In 3 vols.
 8vo. London, 1845.

THIS is a book which rivets the attention, and makes the heart bleed. We state so much, without taking into account the additional power and interest which it must acquire in the minds of many who still live, from personal associations with its author and subject. It has, indeed, with regard to himself, in its substance though not in its arrangement, an almost dramatic character; so clearly and strongly is the living, thinking, acting man projected from the face of the records which he has left. The references to others, accordingly, with which the book abounds, are, by comparison, thrown into the shade; and yet our readers may apprehend that even these are sufficiently significant, when we add, that among the many persons to whom Mr. Blanco White alludes as beloved and intimate friends, perhaps none are more prominently named than Mr. Newman, and, even to a much later period, Archbishop Whately.

But, further, the interest of the work is not merely concentrated upon the writer: it is also very much compressed within the limits of his mental history; and it embraces his external fortunes, chiefly as they were dependent upon that. His literary tastes and his political labors might justly deserve some detailed notice; but all the space that we can spare must be devoted to matters of deeper import. For his spirit was a battle-field, upon which, with fluctuating fortune and a singular intensity, the powers of belief and skepticism waged, from first to last, their unceasing war; and within the compass of his experience are presented to our view most of the great moral and spiritual problems that attach to the condition of our race.

A rapid sketch of his history will enable our readers to judge of the delicacy and difficulty of the task we undertake. He was born in 1775, at Seville. A Spaniard, of Irish extraction by the father's side, he was intended in early years, though he was of gentle blood, for the calling of a merchant. His apprenticeship commenced at the age of eight.¹ But he "hated the counting-house and loved his books;"² and naturally enough, we presume, in his position, "learning and the church were to him inseparable ideas."³ It is material to apprehend clearly this the first change in the direction of his course: and we remark, that in relating it in 1830, he says, "his mind hit instinctively upon the only expedient that could release him from his mercantile bondage."⁴ Divines declared that he had a true call to the ecclesiastical career. He readily advanced in the theoretical part of his education, but he regarded the devotional practices with horror.⁵ At fourteen, he was sent to study philosophy with the Dominicans of the college of Seville, whose lectures were founded on Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. Here occurred his second act of mental rebellion. The system of instruction was odious to him: and "a great love of knowledge,"⁶ and an equally great hatred of established errors, were suddenly developed in his mind.⁷ His instructors denied the possibility of a vacuum; and attributed the ascent of liquids by suction "to the horror of nature at being wounded

and torn."⁸ The works of the Benedictine Fey-joo, which had come into his hands, imparted to him the true view of these physical questions. Being rebuked by his teacher, for inattention, in the lecture-room and before the whole class, he started up and denounced the falsity of the doctrine which was inculcated there. At this time he began to question, except upon matter of religion, all the settled notions of his relatives; and his mother, to whom he gives credit for great penetration, "thanked Heaven that Spain was his native country; else he would soon quit the pale of the church."⁹

He was, however, transferred to the university of Seville, where he received more congenial instruction from such members of the Society of the Jesuits as lingered there after the suppression of the order. With his friends he organized a private society for the cultivation of poetry and literature. But he also attached himself to the oratory of St. Philip Neri,³ at which the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius were practised. He has supplied us with a very remarkable, and apparently an impartial, description of them.⁴ They had a sufficient effect upon him to prevent his abandoning the intention to receive holy orders; yet he went through them with a consciousness, never subdued, of strong dislike.⁵ The fear of giving pain to his mother, whose domestic influence was supreme, was likewise a principal support to that intention. She was powerfully seconded by her confessor, Arjona, then a devout person, but of whom it is afterwards recorded that he became perhaps an infidel, and certainly a libertine.⁶ Although young Blanco White's father secretly reminded him that he was under no compulsion, yet, up to the latest moment, he would not, perhaps we should say he dared not, recede. He had, however, at one time proposed to his mother that he should enter the Spanish navy, which had the attraction of a scientific training. The answer was devised with a revolting skill:⁷ it was, that he might give up the clerical profession, but that if he did he must return to the counting-house. Thus the priesthood was forced upon him as the indispensable condition of an intellectual life. He became virtually committed to it by taking sub-deacon's orders at twenty-one, which rendered him incapable of marriage.

From that time his intercourse with the world was less closely watched. He gives a strong opinion that the demoralizing effect of the law of compulsory celibacy,⁸ which, according to him, produced the utmost vigilance in guarding youth against lawful attachments, and a comparative indifference to profligacy. It is clear, from his journals at a later period,⁹ that the direction of his mind was towards the formation of domestic ties. In his Autobiography he glances at the injurious consequences of the outward restraint in his own case.¹⁰ In Doblado's Letters,¹¹ where he employs the third person, he has also intimated them. But he protests, and with evident truth, that immorality was not with him a conscious inducement to unbelief.¹²

He was ordained priest in 1799; and for some

¹ Doblado, p. 100.

² Ibid.

³ Life, I., p. 23.

⁴ Ibid., pp. 35-48.

⁵ Ibid., p. 49.

⁶ Life, I., pp. 120, 124.

⁷ Ibid., p. 52.

⁸ Ibid., pp. 44, 53, and note p. 107; Evidence against Catholicism, pp. 131-7.

⁹ Life, III., p. 342.

¹⁰ Ibid., I., p. 117 and 132.

¹¹ Doblado, pp. 120-2.

¹² Life, I., p. 109; and Evidence against Catholicism p. 6.

¹ Life, I., p. 6. ² Doblado's Letters, p. 81. ³ Ibid.

⁴ Life, I., p. 8. ⁵ Ibid., p. 10. ⁶ Ibid., p. 14.

short time after this¹ he seems to have lived under the power of strong devotional influences. He had already become a fellow of the *Colegio Mayor* of Seville. In 1801 he competed for a canonry at Cadiz;² and shortly after this he was elected a chaplain of the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand, attached to the cathedral of Seville.³ He does not date with precision his transition to positive and total unbelief; but it seems, from his *Life*, to have occurred either in or soon after 1802.⁴ He resolved,⁵ however, to continue his external conformity, and to discharge his practical duties in the capacity of confessor, as he best could. Through the force of sympathy he took part with the nation against the Bonapartes; but his own opinion was that more improvement would have resulted from the French rule than could be otherwise obtained. He despaired, however, in his own sense, of Spain; and, on the approach of the French to Seville in 1810, he abandoned his country and his prospects for the hope of mental freedom and a residence in England.

On arriving here, he had, of course, difficulties and discouragements to contend with, but he also had friends; and the activity of his mind soon provided him with occupation. He was attracted towards religion by the mildness⁶ which he found combined with sincerity in some of its professors. The perusal of Paley's "*Natural Theology*" began to reanimate his feelings towards God. A service at St. James' church affected him powerfully.⁷ He resumed the habit of prayer. After three years⁸ of growth he found himself convinced of the truth of Christianity, and he joined the Church of England as the "renovated home of his youth."⁹ When eighteen months more had elapsed, in 1814, he subscribed the articles of the Church of England, and claimed the recognition of his character as a priest. But after this slow and gradual restoration he had but a very short period of rest. The detail of the records at this period of his life is somewhat scanty, but it appears clearly that, in 1817, he was assailed with constant doubts on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement.¹⁰ In November, 1818, he records his distinct abandonment of the divinity of our Lord.¹¹ In 1825 he returned to the orthodox belief upon that subject. In 1826 he administered the Eucharist and preached; and by an internal act he dedicated himself anew to the sacred office, reviving, as he says, many of the feelings of his ordination. It appears to have been in or after 1829 that he addressed a letter to Neander,¹² in which he returned thanks to God for (as he supposed) the final settlement of his religious views. But from or even at this time he was gradually sinking. He thought, in February, 1829,¹³ the church of England retained too much of the spirit of popery. By March, 1833, he had reduced the Gospel once more to "sublime simplicity;" to the reception¹⁴ of Christ as our "moral king," as our "saviour from moral evils or spiritual fears;" and had determined that the doctrine of His divinity, as

it was disputed, could not be essential.¹ Up to May, 1834, he disapproved of definite denials of the Trinitarian doctrines.² In December of the same year he recorded himself a deliberate Unitarian.³ He determined, with great delicacy of feeling, to remove himself from the house of the Archbishop of Dublin, in which he had been residing for some time, before he should separate from the church. In January, 1835, he effected this removal, and placed himself at Liverpool, where he joined the Unitarian Society. In that town and in its neighborhood he lived until his death, in May, 1841. Here we bring this outline to a close, proposing to take more particular notice of some of the passages of his chequered and disastrous career.

We may regard Mr. Blanco White in several characters; first as a witness to facts, and next as the expositor, and still more as the victim of opinions. With regard to the first of these capacities, he had abundant talent, remarkable honesty and singleness of purpose, and large and varied means of information and of comparison from the several positions which he occupied at different times; and we think that the dispassionate reader of his works will be disposed to place almost implicit reliance upon his accounts of all such matters as are the proper subjects of testimony.

Regarding him then in this capacity, we naturally look in the first instance to the representations which he has given us of the state of things in Spain, and of this the most prominent characteristic certainly is the unbelief which he declares to have prevailed among the clergy. We have seen his view of the operation of the law of celibacy; but he is much more definite and explicit upon the other subject. In *Doblado's Letters*⁴ he says, "Among my numerous acquaintance in the Spanish clergy I have never met with any one possessed of bold talents who has not, sooner or later, changed from the most sincere piety to a state of unbelief."

Such a circumstance suggests very serious questions with regard to the actual system of the church of Rome, under which it had come to pass; and to us it goes far to explain the phenomenon, when we recollect (for instance) that the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin passed in Spain for an article of the Christian faith, practically no less sacred and certain than the mystery of the incarnation. As to the accuracy of the statement, we believe it may be corroborated by the testimony of Roman Catholic witnesses, particularly with reference to the caputular and dignified clergy of Spain as they then were. But the passage also establishes the fact that the state from which the transition took place was usually one of earnest devotion, and that the life of the young priest opened at least in piety. It would seem, therefore, that there was at least a well-meant endeavor to impart a religious education, and to impress the mind of the young candidate for orders with an adequate sense of his vocation.

He has, however, again and again repeated his assertion with regard to unbelief, in his "*Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism*:"—

"I do attest, from the most certain knowledge, that the history of my own mind is, with little

¹ *Doblado*, pp. 123-6; and *Life*, I., pp. 64, 65.

² *Life*, I., p. 85.

³ *Life*, I., p. 92.

⁴ In another place he states that he passed ten years in unbelief before his quitting Spain, (*Evidence against Catholicism*, p. 11.) which took place in 1810.

⁵ *Ibid.*, I., p. 112.

⁶ *Evidence against Catholicism*, p. 13.

⁷ *Ib.*, p. 14.

⁸ *Ib.*, p. 18.

⁹ *Life*, II., p. 43; and *Evidence*, p. 20.

¹⁰ *Life*, I., p. 323.

¹¹ *Ib.*, p. 349.

¹² *Ib.*, III., 133.

¹³ *Ib.*, 457.

¹⁴ *Ib.*, II., 4.

¹ *Life*, II., 20.

² *Ib.*, I., II., 42.

³ *Ib.*, II., 61.

⁴ *Page* 126.

variation, that of a great portion of the Spanish clergy. The fact is certain."¹

In another passage he writes still more broadly, but rather to a matter of opinion than one of fact:—

"I have been able to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few who know me and that country will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare, again and again, that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England."²

And, once more, in contrast with a different state of things among the English clergy:—

"I cannot dismiss this subject without most solemnly attesting, that the strongest impressions which enliven and support my Christian faith are derived from my friendly intercourse with members of that insulted clergy; while, on the contrary, I know but very few Spanish priests, whose talents or acquirements were above contempt, who had not secretly renounced their religion."³

In his Autobiography he particularizes these statements by reference to individuals; but nothing more. It is but just also to record that, while his evidence bears hard upon the morals of the friars⁴ in Spain, he declares unequivocally in favor of the Jesuits, both as to their purity of character and the practical effects of their influence;⁵ and with regard to nunneries, although he states that he never knew "souls more polluted than those of some of the professed vestals of the Church of Rome,"⁶ yet he represents the opposite case to be the rule:—

"The greater part of the nuns whom I have known were beings of a much higher description—females whose purity owed nothing to the strong gates and high walls of the cloister."⁷

When we return to Mr. Blanco White's evidence upon the state of religion and of the clergy in England, we must of course make liberal allowance with regard to so much as he said at a time when his mind was, as he subsequently considered, carried away by the returning tide of religious sympathies. Indeed, for some time he had no eye for our faults and shortcomings: and in the very unqualified praises that were bestowed upon his works by some persons of authority,⁸ we cannot but trace the reciprocal operation of a principle analogous to that of the proverb that forbids us "to look a gift horse in the mouth." The members of all Christian communities must be conscious of the temptation not to scrutinize over-ridgely the pretensions of a convert from a rival persuasion. Otherwise, we cannot but think that, in the works which Mr. White published while he was ostensibly of the Church of England, there were ominous indications, and a vagueness which now in retrospect tends to warrant the impression that he never at any period recovered an intelligent and firm hold even of the great Catholic dogmas concerning the nature of God.

It is consolatory, however, to find that his final lapse could not have been owing to any of his associates among our clergy. For in his "Obser-

vations on Heresy and Orthodoxy,"⁹ published in 1835, he says, with regard to his friends of that order—

"Without exception, all and every one of them are, to my knowledge, conscientious believers in the divinity of Christ."

He writes, indeed, in year 1829¹⁰—

"In England unbelief has made a rapid progress, both among the higher and the lower classes."

In 1835 he states that "the days of orthodoxy are certainly gone by,"¹¹ and "artificial belief"¹² is "easier and more powerful in complete popery than in mixed," by which he means Athanasian, "Protestantism."

And again¹³—

"What is called the Protestant religion is nothing but a mutilated system of popery; groundless, incongruous, and full of contradictions. I am not at all surprised when I hear that the number of Roman Catholics is increasing."

In short, he repeatedly indicates the opinion that, if there is to be fixed dogmatic faith, it will be most naturally sought in the system of the Church of Rome.¹⁴ Such is his theory: but he bears very important testimony to the fact that dogmatic faith is most extensively and most tenaciously held in England, and that too among classes who seem to have surrendered many of its supports. Of course it would be expected that he would regard with horror any assertion of the authority of the church or of the spiritual gifts of the sacred ministry: yet he recognizes the power even of these principles with alarm. He writes, in 1836, to Professor Norton, in America—

"We are, unfortunately, retrograde in this country. The grossest spirit of mysticism and popery has revived at Oxford; not without persecution against those who, though feebly, venture to oppose it."¹⁵

So he had written to Mr. Armstrong, in 1835¹⁶—

"Orthodoxy poisons every man more or less (in this country perhaps more than where it is merely a name) from the cradle."

And to another person,¹⁷—

"I deeply lament that England, a land I love and admire, my second country, should be the spot in Europe most deeply sunk into that refined intolerance which attributes opinions to moral depravity."

And to Mr. Mill—

"I am convinced that no country in the world suffers more from false notions of religion than England. Spain and Italy are indeed ruined by an established superstition of the grossest kind; but they have the advantage that the subject is treated as a mere concession to be made to ignorance till some more favorable moment may arrive for dislodging the abettors of the nuisance from their ruinous strongholds. But in England the most mischievous, because the most intolerant, superstition has succeeded in disguising itself into something like knowledge and system. It exists in the garb of philosophy, meddling with everything, not as a mere matter of fact, but as reason and right."¹⁸

We could fill whole pages with extracts ex-

¹ Practical and Internal Evidence, p. 8.

² Ibid., p. 28.

³ Ibid., p. 60.

⁴ Doblado, p. 475.

⁵ Ib., pp. 86, 87, and 474.

⁶ Life, I., p. 70.

⁷ Practical and Internal Evidence, p. 135.

⁸ Life, I., pp. 415, 419, 424, 433, 440.

⁹ Preface, p. ix.

¹⁰ Life, II., p. 139.

¹¹ In 1835, Life, II., p. 140.

¹² Life, II., p. 192.

¹³ Ib., p. 109.

¹⁴ Life, I., p. 453.

¹⁵ Ib., p. 126.

¹⁶ Ib., III. p. 106.

¹⁷ Ib., II., p. 101.

¹⁸ Ib., p. 137.

pressing his most bitter complaints against the universal spirit of "Bibliolatry" in England.¹ He finds the attempt to maintain an authoritative revelation, which he thinks so mischievous, to be common to Christian persuasions generally.² The ordinary idea of God, he says, is anthropomorphic, it is gross idolatry.³ Nay, he repeatedly laments the prevalence and power of superstition even among the Unitarians.⁴ All this affords ground for thankfulness; and tends to support the hope that, although the prevalent notions in this country may on several points of religion be inexact—although a dangerous licence is assumed of distinguishing between different articles of faith according to their supposed importance to the individual mind—although even schism and heresy be too manifest among us—still those habits of mind are deeply rooted in the people which are the fundamental conditions of Catholic faith—the view, namely, of revelation as something fixed and immutable, and the conviction of the ethical character of Christian dogmas, and of their indissoluble connection with the conduct of life. While this is the case, even though the walls should be thrown down, and the foundations laid bare, still their seat in the heart and mind of man is unassailed.

So much for Mr. Blanco White as a witness to facts. When we turn to the consideration of his claims as a teacher in divine philosophy, we are alike baffled by the weakness, the incongruity, and the perpetual defluxion of his doctrines. He was indeed, during the last ten years of his life, in a kind of moral atrophy, incessantly employed upon mental speculation, but quite incapable of deriving nourishment from that which he devoured with an appetite so ravenous. So that he pined more and more, from year to year; and we can scarcely measure the miserable intensity of his disease when we find him sunk so far below the Unitarian heresy as to write to Mr. Norton, the Unitarian professor, that they differ on essentials;⁵ and when the same Mr. Norton, himself a Christian in the Unitarian sense, "in his controversy with Mr. Ripley, had completely excluded him (Mr. Blanco White) from the class of Christians,"⁶ under the influence of the spirit of orthodoxy. It was indeed no great wonder that any one should have done so, with whom human language was other than a mockery and a fraud; for about the same time Mr. Blanco White was surely preparing himself for emancipation from the last of his fetters, the name of our religion, or he could hardly have written thus:⁷

"How superior, in various respects, is Islamism to superstitious Christianity! It may shock many, but I must express my expectation that both the corrupt church Christianity and Islamism itself will disappear in the course of ages, and that the two religions will return to their primitive source—the pure patriarchal and primitive view, the true Christian view, of God and man!"⁸

And a little further on he institutes a contrast between Paganism and Christianity, in direct disparagement of the latter.

The contradictions with which his work abounds are indescribable. He indeed wonders at his own intellectual consistency⁹—probably because he had

forgotten many of the opinions he had renounced, and because of the remarkable positiveness with which he in most cases adopted for the moment the successive modifications of his views. Even the phenomena of his own mind, which seem to have been latterly his only remaining realities, are stated by him in modes quite irreconcilable with each other. For example, during his later life the constant tenor of his representation is, that his return to what he terms orthodoxy, and what we should call partial belief, for some years between 1812 and 1818, and again between 1825 and 1832, was the effect of his religious sympathies, obtaining for the time the mastery over his understanding.¹ But at the first of these periods he had taken a directly opposite view; for he embodied his sentiments in the prayer which follows:²

"O Lord, my heavenly Father, who knowest how much of sin still remains in my heart, root out of my mind, I beseech thee, *the habits of unbelief* which I often feel in myself, stirring against *the full persuasion of my understanding on the truth of thy revelation*, and the strong desire of my heart after that perfect and tranquil assurance in the promises of thy Gospel; of which, through the impious conduct of my youth, I have made myself absolutely unworthy."

He expresses the same sentiments in his "Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism."³ Now, upon the whole, we believe that there not only may, but must be, very considerable truth in these earlier statements. Because the fact stands upon record that he had passed (between Spain and England) at least ten years in total unbelief. Was it possible that in so long a period he could fail to form skeptical habits of mind; and had they not time to become to a considerable degree inveterate? It must be borne in mind that our intellectual as well as our moral nature is liable to be powerfully affected by habits previously formed. We know, for instance, that a statesman, a divine, and a lawyer, each fairly representing his class, will usually take different views of a subject even where they agree in their conclusion: that they must approach it with distinct predispositions. These predispositions are the results of their several employments, which propose to them the several ends of policy, law, and divine truth, and modify their common mental acts accordingly. Much more must this be the case where the operative cause cuts so deep, lies so close to the very root of our moral being, as in a case of total unbelief combined with the exterior acts of the sacerdotal profession. But Mr. Blanco White, so far from seeing in these facts of his history any disqualification, whether total or partial, for his philosophical investigations on moral subjects, rather pleads the tenor of his whole life as his grand claim to credit. Thus he writes to Miss L., in 1836:⁴

"Having gone through almost every modification of the spirit of devotion, except those which bear the stamp of gross extravagance, I must possess a practical knowledge of the artful disguises of superstition, which no natural talent, no powers of thought, can give by means of study and meditation. It is the results of that individual experience, and not any new doctrine or theoretical system, which I have thought it a duty of Christian friendship to give you without disguise."

¹ For instance, II., pp. 18, 136, 191, 344; III., p. 380.

² III., p. 66.

³ III., p. 78.

⁴ I., pp. 223, 264, 275, 276.

⁵ Life, II., p. 361.

⁶ Ib., III., p. 207.

⁷ Ib., III., 277, note.

⁸ Ib., III., p. 290.

⁹ Ib., III., p. 29.

¹ Life, I., pp. 320, 340, 363; III., 128.

² Ib., I., p. 319.

³ Page 17.

⁴ Life, II., p. 262.

It is true he speaks of experience, not of opinions; but, in point of fact, thought is mental experience; and if the distinction can be drawn, it is quite irrelevant here, for the very letter from which the citation is taken is one of pure theory.

We say, therefore, that when we find Mr. Blanco White systematically ignoring the effect which ten years of unbelief not only might but must have had upon the habits of his mind, we are driven to conclude that he was, however quick and inquisitive, yet a careless, and therefore a bad psychologist.

His writings do not indeed present a system of belief or of unbelief sufficiently definite to be the subject of methodical argument throughout; and they are not less irregular and incongruous in substance than they are in form. They are constant to nothing but to mutability. They present, however, a remarkable number of curious phenomena, and among them that of an intense satisfaction, an ardor of delight, in the Unitarian creed and worship at the period when he formally joined their societies in Liverpool:—

"The service at the Unitarian chapel, Paradise street, has given me the most unmixed delight." (Sunday, Feb. 1st, 1835.)

Previously to this he—

"had no conception of the power which sacred poetry, full of real religious sentiment, and free from the mawkish mysticism which so much abounds in some collections, can exert over the heart and mind. * * * If Christianity is to become a living power in the civilized parts of the world, it must be under the Unitarian form. * * * What strikes me most of all is, what I might call the *reality*, the true connection with life, which this worship possesses. All that I had practised before seemed to lie in a region scarcely within view. * * * Here the prayers, the whole worship, is a part of my real life. 'I pray with my spirit, I pray with my understanding also.' May I not say, that suffering every hour from the bleeding wounds of my heart, those wounds that even my friends touch roughly, I have been already rewarded for acting in conformity with principle!"

And there is much more to the same effect. Shall we offer our explanation of the enigma which this outburst of devout gratification in connection with the freezing system of the Socinian worship appears to present? It is this: the wave-tossed swimmer, gasping for breath, had been cast upon a shore; he had not had time to perceive that it was a barren one, and he did not know that another billow would soon bear him back to sea. His mind had rest and satisfaction when he exchanged interminable doubts and the disgusts of a false and abstractedly dishonest position for the definite view, and with the view the confession, of two essential parts of the Catholic faith, the unity of God and the mission of Christ. Thus he exulted in Unitarianism as a starving garrison make a banquet upon a supply of garbage. But this did not and could not last. The narrow measure even of Unitarian dogma was soon felt to be too broad for him. "Blank misgivings, questionings," returned upon him. Skepticism was gorged for the moment; but its appetite too soon revived. Only two years after these raptures¹ he was so perplexed in his view of the being of God, that he said, man could

only turn to the light within him and follow it, forgetting the dark mystery of his existence. Then he ceased to realize Christianity as an historical revelation.² He ceased to perceive the duty of prayer.³ He lost his view of the personal immortality of the soul.⁴ He placed the idea of the Deity somewhere between the Christian belief and Pantheism,⁵ and declared the latter to be the lesser evil. He reminds us of the long descent in the Inferno, from stage to stage, and circle to circle, each lower and each narrower than the last, until it ends in the eternal ice of Giudecca. The accompaniments, as regarded his own peace, of this process of destruction, he has feelingly described in these lines⁶ (1837):—

"Brother, or sister, whoso'er thou art!

Couldst thou but see the fang that gnaws my heart,

Thou wouldst forgive this transient gush of scorn,

Would shed a tear, in pity wouldst thou mourn
For one who, 'spite the wrongs that lacerate
His weary soul, has never learnt to hate."

And we trust that his appeal to pity will meet with a universal response. The claim made on his behalf,⁷ that he should be regarded as a standard-bearer of mankind, calls for firm resistance; many of his opinions warrant, and indeed demand from us, a sentiment nothing short of horror; but the man himself, who, if he erred terribly, suffered not less deeply, and who, amidst bewildering error and acute and protracted pain, still cherished many of the sentiments that belong to duty and to piety; he has a right to receive at our hands sympathy and tenderness, and we should leave the dark questions of his destiny there, where alone there is skill to solve them, in

"The bosom of his Father and his God."

There were, it is evident, many signs of nobleness, both in fragments of his opinions, and in his conduct to the last. After he had become a Unitarian, he could still discern⁸ "the essential mistake which lies at the bottom of Paley's system;" and when he was sinking yet lower, he did not cease (in 1837) to appreciate the excellence of Bishop Butler's theory⁹ of human nature. He recommended that in philosophical inquiries we should be on our guard against selfishness, and rule points in opposition to our inclinations.¹⁰ He held (1838) that our nature¹¹ was unable to comprehend moral truth beyond its own degree of purity. He contended that virtue has an authority and obligation¹² independently of the ideas of our indefinite existence, and of its securing our happiness; and even after he had ceased to retain any determinate belief in our future life, he still clung with happy inconsistency to the idea that in the hands of his Maker he should be safe,¹³ and that God would certainly reward the disinterested generosity of a friend.¹⁴ He cherished, with whatever associations, the love of God,¹⁵ and maintained resignation to His will, even when it seems almost impossible to see how he could have had a dogmatic belief in the existence of a Divine will at all. There was, in short, a disposition to resist the tyranny of self, to recognize the rule of duty, to maintain

¹ Life, II., p. 92: see also pp. 86, 101, 121, 123, 124.

² Life, II., p. 263.

³ Life, II., p. 318.

⁴ Ib., II., p. 361.

⁵ Introduction, p. x.

⁶ Ib., II., p. 282.

⁷ Ib., II., p. 300.

⁸ Ib., III., p. 20.

⁹ Ib., II.

¹⁰ Life, II., p. 87.

¹¹ Ib., II., p. 270.

¹² Ib., III., p. 107.

¹³ Ib., III., p. 107.

¹⁴ Ib., III., p. 63.

¹⁵ Life, II., p. 334.

¹⁶ Ib., III., p. 25.

the supremacy of the higher over the lower parts of our nature, which is not always equally observable in less heterodox writers, and which imparts some tinge of consolation to the melancholy and painful retrospect of his life and opinions.

There are also circumstances connected with the discharge of active duty, which should not be forgotten on his behalf. We cannot banish all sentiments of respect for one who twice in his life, for the sake even of erroneous conviction, and after much lingering and hesitation, severed himself from almost every worldly good. There may be persons who are entitled to condemn and upbraid him; but such a voice should not come from among those who live in the lap of bodily and mental ease, who have never experienced his trials, and upon whom God has never laid the weight of his afflictions. When he was bedridden, in his old age and in the solitude of his lodging—solitude not the less sensible because he dwelt in one of the streets of busy Liverpool—his son, who bears the queen's commission, returned from service in India to visit him. It is evident that this period was one of great enjoyment and relief. However, keeping in view his son's professional prospects, he writes to a friend that he has advised him to return to India;¹ and, he adds,

"but as I shook him by the hand on Saturday evening, knowing that I should in all probability never see him again, I could hardly contain my anguish within my bosom. Fortunately I was going to bed, where I could give way to my sorrow."

And he enters in his journal, June 15th, 1839:—"Took my last leave of Ferdinand, and felt as if my heart was breaking."

He indeed ascribes this paternal act, so tenderly and delicately performed, to his philosophy; we must take leave rather to set it down to the genial instincts of a nature which, speaking according to ordinary usage, we should call evidently an unselfish one, and full of kindly affections.

We have stated that these volumes do not contain any regular system of unbelief; but their author has presented to us very distinctly the particular stumbling-block which first, and also latterly, overthrew his faith, and which appears to have been the disposition to demand an amount, or rather a kind, of evidence in favor of revealed religion different from that which the nature of the subject matter and the analogies of our human state entitles us to expect.

Let us then advert to the original form of the delusion to which Mr. Blanco White became a prey on the two greatest occasions of his falling away, separated as they were by an interval of some thirty-five years²—a circumstance which he conceives to be confirmatory of the justice of his course—as indeed it is, if the argument itself be a sound one, but which has a significance of quite an opposite nature if it be intrinsically and radically bad. Here then we will give the *πρωτος ψευδος*, as he himself, and that apparently with no small complacency, has stated it, and as he applied it—first to the authority of the church—secondly, to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the authenticity of its component parts—the two pillars, in his view, of the system of Catholicity and orthodoxy.³

"I will grant as much as possible to the defend-

ers of the authenticity of the gospels: I will acknowledge that what is alleged against that authenticity does not rise above conjecture. But, premising that the authenticity would not prove the inspiration of those writings, I ask, have the arguments any higher character than *probability* in regard to authenticity? Can anything but hypothetical *fitness* be pleaded for inspiration? Now the orthodox probabilities have very high probabilities against them; the hypothesis is all conjectured. And is it upon such grounds that Heaven can have demanded an *absolute certainty* of belief in the authenticity and divine authority of the whole Bible? The demand would be monstrous; belief, according to the immutable laws of the human mind, cannot be stronger than its grounds. God, who gave such laws to our souls, could not make it a moral duty for man to act against them."

This was written in 1839. He had, however, placed upon record some similar reasoning several years before, and with reference to his first inquiries in England soon after the year 1814. The Scriptures, he there says, are

"the highest authority in matters directly connected with Christianity. But even that authority is not entitled to implicit and blind obedience. Why? Because the *authenticity* of those writings is only an *historical probability*."¹ * * *

"The case is exactly parallel to that of the Roman Catholic divines when defending the supremacy and infallibility of Peter and his pretended successors."² * * *

"The foundation of certainty must be *certain*. Divines would make the Eternal Fountain of Reason more illogical than the weakest man. If God had intended to dwell *miraculously* among men in a *book*, as in an oracle, from which we might obtain *infallible* answers, he would not have left that first foundation of the intended certainty to probability and conjecture."

These quotations, we believe, are sufficient to convey the form and the force of his argument; so that we may at once proceed to state our objections to it.

We are surprised at the cool and almost contemptuous manner in which Mr. Blanco White speaks of the most celebrated work of Bishop Butler. After commending the sermons of that great writer, he proceeds:—

"Butler's Analogy is an inferior work. The argument of analogy, especially when applied to the Christianity of churches, is totally unsatisfactory."³

Now we must venture to hazard the conjecture that he had never adequately studied this "inferior" work; of which it appears to us that even the several members, apart from the general argument, are so many distinct and permanent contributions to that philosophy which will endure as long as the dispensation of our moral state.

In his Introduction, Bishop Butler has given a brief view of probable evidence, its nature, scope, and obligatory power, which we think affords materials for the confutation of the sophistry of the argument before us. Philosophizing upon human action, we must collect its laws from a legitimate induction; and we cordially subscribe to the principle, that "God, who has given certain laws to our souls, could not make it a moral duty for man to act against them."

¹ Life, I., 279.

² Compare Practical and Internal Evidence, p. 109.

³ Life, II., p. 282.

¹ Life, III., p. 65. ² Ib., III., p. 136. ³ Ib., III., p. 145.

Now the argument of Mr. Blanco White appears, firstly, to confound belief with knowledge; and, secondly, to assume that orthodoxy, or the Catholic faith, is connected with belief rather than with action, or with belief apart from action. As to the first: "your evidences," says he, "are not demonstrative; therefore I cannot believe." This is a gross inconsequence. We must entreat the reader to remember that in the language of metaphysics the term probability includes everything short of absolute and infallible, or properly scientific certainty; and with this single caution we proceed to reply, demonstration is the appropriate foundation of knowledge, but probability of belief.

Assuredly, we are not about to take refuge from the adversary in pleading the majesty of faith as against reason, in an appeal to theology against experience, in inventing a new law of credibility for religious purposes, which shall be inapplicable to common life. There is indeed a *dictum* in vogue with some, "where mystery begins religion ends," which almost provokes the parody, "where antithesis begins common sense ends." But our intention is to charge upon the theory of Mr. Blanco White this intelligible and capital offence; that it, like all the tribe to which it belongs, errs against reason, against experience, against the principles on which the ordinary and uniform practice of mankind in ordinary life is founded; which ordinary and uniform practice, and not the crochets of a disorderly and unstable understanding, may suffice to show us, with some tolerable clearness, what really are those laws which God has given to our souls, and which it is not only not a duty to infringe, but the very first and highest duty to observe in act, and to maintain in undisputed authority.

First, we hold that it is only by a licence of speech that the term knowledge can be applied to any of our human perceptions. For as nothing can in the nature of things, properly speaking, be known, except that which exists, or known in any manner other than that exact manner in which it exists, it follows that knowledge can properly be predicated only of those perceptions which are absolutely and exactly true; and further, that it can be so predicated only by those who infallibly know them to be true. In strictness, therefore, knowledge is not predicable by us of any one of our own perceptions; whatever number of them may be true, we do not infallibly know of any one of them that it is true. Of all the steps in the operations of our mental faculties, there is not one at which it is abstractedly impossible that error should intervene; and as this is not impossible, *knowledge*, the certain and precise correspondence of the percipient and the thing perceived, cannot be categorically asserted. If, therefore, without knowledge in its scientific sense there can be no legitimate belief, this wide universe is a blank, and nothing can be believed: nothing theological, nothing moral, nothing social, nothing physical. In a word, abstract certainty, in this dispensation, we scarcely can possess, though we may come indefinitely near it: and knowledge and certainty, and all similar expressions as practical terms must be understood not absolutely but relatively—relatively that is to the limit imposed by the nature of our faculties, and this not with regard to revelation only, but throughout the whole circle of our experience.

Next to this abstract certainty, comes that kind of assent to propositions which, according to the

constitution of our minds, is such as to exclude all doubt. Human language applies the denomination of knowledge to such assent, in cases where this exclusion is entire and peremptory in the highest degree. Between that point and the point at which a proposition becomes improbable, and a just understanding inclines to its rejection, an infinity of shades of likelihood intervene. For example: where the exclusion of doubt is after consideration entire, but yet not peremptory and immediate; where it depends upon the comprehensive and continuous view of many particulars; where it rests upon the recollection of a demonstration, of which the detail has escaped from the memory; where it proceeds from some strong original instinct, incapable of analysis in the last resort: these are all cases in which doubt might be entirely banished, but we should scarcely know whether to say our assent was founded on knowledge or upon belief, the shades of the two, as they are commonly understood, passing into one another; but generally this distinction would be taken between them; that we should call knowledge what does not to our perceptions admit of degree, and what does admit of it we should call belief, although we might in the particular case possess it in the highest degree, so that it should have all the certainty of knowledge; just as we can readily conceive two stations, the one at the head of a pillar, and the other of a stair, yet of equal altitude.

Now the fundamental proposition on which we rest, and for the proof of which we appeal, without fear of a disputed reply, to the universal practice of mankind, is this: that the whole system of our moral conduct, and much also of our conduct that is not directly moral, rests upon belief as contradistinguished from knowledge, and not always upon belief in the very highest degree which utterly extinguishes doubt, but in every diversity of degree so long as any appreciable portion of comparative likelihood remains, although many of these degrees may be hampered with very considerable doubt as they actually subsist in the mind, and many more cases would be open to serious doubts if they were subjected to speculative examination. And further, that this, which is indisputable in point of fact, is not less irrefragable in point of reason; and that any other rule for the guidance of human life would be not irreligious, but irrational in the extreme. We take first a case of the highest practical certainty. How do we know that the persons who purport to be our parents, brothers and sisters, really are what they pass for? It is manifest that the positive evidence producable in each case falls far short of a demonstrative character; nay more, it is perfectly well known that in many cases these relations have been pretended where they did not exist, and the delusion long maintained. And yet every man carries in his mind a conviction upon the subject, as it regards himself, utterly exclusive of doubt. And those who should raise doubts upon it, in consequence of the want of mathematical certainty, would be deemed fitter for Bedlam than for the pursuit of philosophical inquiries. Here then is an absolute contradiction, supplied by that universal conviction and practice of mankind, from whence by a legitimate induction we infer the true laws of our nature, to the theorems of Mr. Blanco White, or perhaps rather to his grand inference from them, namely, that the demand made upon men for the reception of Chris-

tianity is greater than can be warranted by the reasons on which it purports to rest. But again, there are numberless instances in which a very great practical uncertainty prevails, and yet where we must act just as we should if there were no doubt at all. A man with many children will prepare them all for after-life, though probably one or more will die before attaining maturity. A tells B that his house is on fire; A may have motives for deceiving him, but B, if he be a rational man, quits the most interesting occupation, and goes to see. But there is no end to the multiplication of instances; let any man examine his own daily experience, and he will find that its whole tissue is made up of them; or, in the words of that "inferior" work of Bishop Butler, "to us probability is the very guide of life."¹ Mr. Blanco White might indeed have received very useful lessons on this subject from an ingenious and really philosophical *brochure* of Archbishop Whately's, entitled "*Historic Doubts concerning the Existence of Napoleon Bonaparte*," in which he shows how open to abstract objections are the grounds upon which, as individuals, we receive facts even of common notoriety.

Now it will not be enough for the opponent to retort that probability will do for small matters, but that in great ones, and especially in what regards the salvation of the soul, we must have demonstration. For the law of credibility, upon which our common and indeed universal practice is founded, has no more dependence upon the magnitude of the objects to which it is applied than have the numbers of the arithmetical scale, which embrace motes and mountains with exactly the same propriety. It is not the greatness or minuteness of the proposition, but the balance between likelihood and unlikelihood, which we have to regard whenever we are called to determine upon assent or rejection. It is true, indeed, that when the matter is very small, the evil of acting against probability will be small also. But this shows that in a practical view the obligation of the law becomes not less but more stringent as the rank of the subject in question rises; because the best and most rational method of avoiding a very great evil, or of realizing a very great good, has a much higher degree of claim upon our consideration and acceptance in proportion to the degree of the greatness of the object in view.

But, next, is Mr. Blanco White correct in saying that the Christianity of churches demands from all its disciples, at all stages of their progress, an absolute and mathematical conviction? Where did he learn so severe a theology? Hooker² has shown in his sermon on the certainty and perpetuity of faith in the elect, of which the doctrine is by no means lax, that true faith does not imply the exclusion of all doubt whatever. He even says, speaking of revealed truths, "of them at some time who doubteth not?" Bishop Pearson defines Christian belief to be an assent to that which is credible, as credible. But clearly, much that is on the whole credible is open to a degree of doubt; although it could not be credible unless the doubt were outweighed upon a comparison by the evidences in its favor. What, again, is the meaning of "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief?" There is, in such a case, a conflict within the mind: it is divided, though unequally

divided. This, however, is the exception, not the rule. In general we do not imagine that even the nascent belief of Christians is seriously troubled with substantive doubts; but it clearly has not, and cannot have, nor have the great majority of our most rational acts in common life, a foundation in that philosophical completeness of conviction, which is an essential condition of the permanent and absolute freedom from doubt. But in point of fact, the formation of this mature belief, the mode of dealing with temptation when it arises in the form of doubt, is a high portion of the discipline of the soul; all that we need here lay down is this: to hold that an absolute intellectual certainty belongs of necessity to the reception of Christianity, is a proposition altogether erroneous.

We shall note one other and gross error, as it appears to us, in this part of the philosophy of Mr. Blanco White. The stages of mental assent and dissent are almost innumerable; but the alternatives of action proposed by the Catholic faith are two only. There is a narrow way and a broad one; in the one or the other of these every man, according to his testimony, *must* walk. It will not do to say, I see this difficulty about the Christian theory, so I cannot adopt it; and that difficulty about the anti-Christian theory, so I cannot embrace that; I will wait and attach myself to neither. Could our whole being, except the sheer intellect, be laid in abeyance, such a notion would at least be intelligible; but in the mean time, life and its acts proceed:

E mangia, e bee, e dorme, e veste panni.¹

and not only as to these functions, but also our moral habits are in the course of formation or destruction; character receives its bias; there are appetites to be governed, powers to be employed; and these matters cannot be wholly nor at all adjourned. The discharge of the daily duties of our position absolutely *must* be adapted either to the supposition that we have a Creator and a Redeemer, or to the supposition that we have not. There is no intermediate verdict of "not proven," which leaves the question open: the question to us is, Is there such proof as to demand obedience? and there are no possible replies in act, whatever there may be in word, except *aye* and *no*. The lines of conduct are but two, and our liberty is limited to the choice between them. Here it is, therefore, that we perceive the stringent obligation of the law of credibility, as applied to the belief of Christianity, upon man. On a subject purely abstract or not entailing moral responsibilities, upon the generation of the present structure of the world by fire or water, upon the theory of vibrations in optics, upon the system of Copernicus or of Descartes, we might have taken refuge in a philosophical suspense, while the evidence fell short of demonstration; and even after the proof has been completed, the error of withholding assent is not a fatal one; but the belief which Christianity enforces, it enforces as the foundation of daily conduct, as the framework into which all acts, all thoughts, all hopes, affections and desires, are to be cast, and by which they must be moulded. Whatever it teaches, for example, concerning the work and the person of our Lord, it teaches not in the abstract, but as holding forth Him whose steps we are to follow, in whom our whole trust is to be reposed, with whom we are to be vitally incorporated, and whom accordingly we must needs

¹ Introduction to the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, p. 4.

² Works, III., p. 585, ed. Keble, 1836.

¹ Inferno, xxxiii. 141.

know even though "in a glass darkly," for how can we imitate, or how love, without some kind of vision, and how can definite vision be transmitted from man to man without language; and what are the creeds but the vision of God as He is, transferred into language? So again, whatever the Catholic faith teaches concerning the church, it teaches us concerning the organ by which these operations are to be effected in us, even as the schoolboy is taught the rules of school in which he is to learn, and the workman those of the art which he is to practise. Now, singular as it is, considering that we have before us the case of a person of such a character and such a position, we find in Mr. Blanco White's system no recognition of the fact, we do not say that the Catholic faith is actually connected with Christian practice, (which would be begging the question from him,) but that the Catholic faith is taught by the church as being so connected, as being the proper and exclusive foundation of Christian practice; so that her demand is by no means that of an assent to a scheme of abstract dogmas; it is the demand for our conforming to a new law of heart and life, which new law (as she says) can only take effect under the influence of the faith and by the agency which it provides; it is the old charter of the gospel "testifying repentance towards God, and" therewith, but only in indissoluble conjunction therewith, also "faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." In discussing therefore the reception or rejection of Christianity, according to its credibility or incredibility, we must remember that it purports to be a system of belief and action inseparably combined, and therefore that if it be credible it entails the obligation not of a speculation but of a practical question, a question to be decided here and now, which cannot be relegated to the region of indifference, but which, even if our understanding refuse to act, our conduct must either recognize as true, or else repudiate as false.

Against this part, then, of Mr. White's doctrine, we contend, that Christianity does not require the highest degree of intellectual certainty in order to be honestly and obediently received; and that the very same principles which govern our action in common life, cognizable by common sense, are those which, fortified through God's mercy with a singular accumulation and diversity of evidence, demand our reception of the word and our implicit obedience to it; and that we cannot refuse this demand upon the plea that the evidence is only probable and not demonstrative, without rebellion against the fundamental laws of our earthly state, as they are established by a truly Catholic consent in the perpetual and universal practice of mankind.

And it is well worthy of remark, that Mr. Blanco White did not deny that probability was in favor of the Christian Revelation. This is plain, from the passages on which we have been arguing. But even at a later time he allowed that the Christian revelation was proved up to "a certain—perhaps a slight—degree of probability."¹ Upon his own statement, therefore, it stands that he followed the improbable; and as the evidence was conclusive neither way, he chose that side upon which the lack was greatest; and his doctrine is overturned by the very argument which he has taken for its foundation.

From this subject we pass on to observe, that

Mr. Blanco White entertained the notion, common with those in his unhappy condition, that the moral part of the gospel could be separated from its dogmatical part. This we shall show from his own words, and we shall also endeavor to point out the steps by which he arrived at the position, and to glance at its consequences. He originally rejected Christianity in Spain, because he could not find the proof of a living infallible judge in questions of religion, and because he found that the Roman Church, which claimed that character, had not sustained it in practice.¹ When he came to England, the theory of religion presented to him, on which his reviving affections fastened, was one very different from that of the formularies or of the theologians of the English Church, but which has nevertheless, from time to time since the Reformation, obtained various degrees of currency in the popular mind. We cannot describe it more shortly, than by saying, it is a theory which attaches no meaning to those words of the twentieth Article: "the church hath authority in controversies of faith;" and which rightly asserting the supremacy of Scripture, wrongly subjoins to it the supremacy of the individual next to Scripture. But he does not appear, either at that or at any subsequent time, to have examined that view of religion, according to which, without the prominent assertion, or even without the assertion at all, of an abstract infallibility, the church, distributed in her regular organization through the earth, is divinely charged with the functions of a moral guide, and instructs the individual believer with a weight of authority varying according to the solemnity of the subject matter, the particular organ from which the judgment proceeds, and its title to represent her universal and continual sense. He went therefore to the study of Holy Scripture, in the year 1814, with the expectation that he could find, firstly, a mathematical demonstration of the canon, and, secondly, the limits and definitions of faith so laid down upon its sacred pages as (if we may so speak) almost mechanically to preclude mistake in every case of pious and upright intention. He was naturally much disappointed to find that the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible were themselves questions, like that of the character of the church, and as we have said, like most other questions, to be examined by the light of probable evidence. As in the case of the church, when he failed to find that sort of infallible teaching which would go far to supersede faith and moral discipline, he lost, and never recovered, the very idea of her functions as a spiritual mother; so he first imagined, apparently, that Scripture would be to him all that the church had proposed to be; and when this expectation was falsified, he very speedily lost his hold upon Scripture, as an authoritative document, altogether. Then doctrinal doubts at once began to assault him; his understanding wavered, and he had none of the extrinsic support which he would have derived from the divines and the reformers of the English Church, if it had been his lot to recommence his studies in their school, and if, like them, he had been content to receive, as the legitimate witness to the sense of Holy Scripture, the voice of the universal church. So that he very soon lost any portion of dogmatic faith that he had recovered. But having, as we see from his whole works, much more of affection than of conviction, he naturally clung to the moral

¹ Life, III., p. 406; and II., p. 235.

¹ Life, I., p. 111.

teaching of Scripture as long as any strength remained. He found the evidence on most controverted doctrines so equal, as he thought, that he conceived it best to have no opinion upon them (1818);¹ he imagined the purpose of Scripture was to teach the spirit of Christian morality,² not to fix a code of opinions; he placed before himself God's will as a rule of life (1821);³ having doubts on the subject of particular and general providence, he put that question as an abstract one! into the catalogue of non-essentials (1822);⁴ and in one year more (1823) he concluded that⁵ Christianity had no letter, and that the spirit of which it testifies could not be distinguished from conscientious reason. But he does not appear, during that period of declension, to have been shaken as to the morality of the New Testament. Most true indeed it is, that as the church is the bulwark of the canon of the Scripture and the doctrine it contains, so that doctrine is the bulwark of the whole of its moral law; and there is usually silence for a little space between the enemy's surmounting one of these inclosures and the attempt to scale the next. But in the period of his second and final lapse from the Christian faith, which followed the year 1830, and became rapid from 1833, it is quite evident that, following the natural order of things, he became less and less firm by degrees as to the morality of the Bible. He began by holding that our duty was to receive Christ as our moral king,⁶ and to believe in God, and exercise the religious affections towards Him apart from all dogmas as to his objective nature.⁷ But in 1836 he said—

"Dr. Whately has endeavored to gloss over the false political economy of the Gospels, and indeed of the New Testament altogether, in regard to almsgiving: but the thing cannot be fairly done. Christ and his Apostles thought that to give away everything a man possessed was one of the highest acts of virtue."⁸

Next he defined prayer to be, properly speaking, "a longing or desire," an "act of the heart;" and he adds,

"To make it an act also of the lips, in regard to God, may be excusable, under certain circumstances."⁹

Then he established, incredible as it may appear that such should be the result of almost a whole life of criticism in one form or other, as a rule for judging of the genuineness of passages in the New Testament, the moral consequences which they had produced,¹⁰ and their conformity to that reason which he defined to be the voice of God within us.¹¹

"I approve in them what I find worthy of approval, and reject what I see no reason to believe or follow."¹²

On this ground we presume, as he does not name any other, he repudiates (in 1834) the narrative of the woman taken in adultery.¹³ With the lapse of time the evil proceeds. In 1838 he says Socrates would have been a very different, evidently meaning an inferior, person, if he had had bodily ill-health to bear; and he proceeds,¹⁴ in words which we will not quote, (they simply express the thought,) to the blasphemous remark that the same would probably have been the case with our Lord. This is, indeed, a sentiment quite within the creed

of regular Unitarianism: but it is Unitarianism practically applied, Unitarianism (so to speak) in motion, and thus it strikes more forcibly upon the eye. Some time later, however, he struck at the very foundation of the moral code of Him who inaugurated His great discourse with the text that "blessed are the poor in spirit."¹⁵ For Mr. Blanco White writes thus concerning humility in 1840:—

"Humility could not be raised to the catalogue of virtues, except in a society chiefly composed of men degraded by personal slavery, such as history exhibits the early church. Slaves alone could find such a sanctified cloak for cowardice as humility; for it is not a dignified endurance of unavoidable evil, but such a cringing as may allay the anger of an insolent oppressor. Such submission cannot find acceptance in thine eyes, O God, for it classes Thee with the despots of this earth. * *

"If he (our Saviour) ever uttered the rule of offering the cheek for a second insult, he must have done it under the conviction that the Oriental style he was using could not be misunderstood but by idiots. * * In the multitude of slaves who flocked to the church is to be found the source of that humility which has lowered the standard of modern virtue."¹⁶

Then, becoming rabid in his infatuation, he proceeds to stigmatize¹⁷ "the mean ambition, the low and degraded character, and the worldly views" of the martyrs of that Lord who is "to be glorified in His saints and admired in them that believe;"¹⁸ and as if it had been written in heaven that the man who uttered this impiety should not be suffered to do it without at the same time exposing himself to ridicule, while he has thus the Christian church and her achievements in his eye, he proceeds to complain that thus

"To create in us a habit of distrust and timidity, is to deprive us of that confidence which is the foundation of all high enterprise."¹⁹

Yet he knew something of the power of that system which is thus enfeebled and degraded by the doctrine of humility; for among the many causes that embittered his last days and made his life a torment, was the belief which he has recorded that, during his latter days, contrary to the hopes he had once entertained, orthodoxy was on the advance in the land which he had hoped would be its grave.

Lastly, we are obliged to observe, before quitting this part of the subject, Mr. Blanco White appears to have had most feeble ideas of the nature and heinousness of sin as a contravention of the divine will. Of the sins of his own early life he sometimes speaks in the terms of penitence, but we do not perceive that the idea of sin as such ever raised in him the horror which belongs to it. In his later life, we must say that his vehemence against the Christian doctrine of original sin consorts but too well with his faint impressions upon actual sin. Of the former he does not scruple to say that those who can believe in it are beyond the reach of reasoning.²⁰ Upon the latter, besides a scoff in an earlier passage,²¹ he says—

"There is nothing like pure joy among us. Pleasure constantly assumes the appearance of sin—a word which perverts every mind among us. The Hebrew had a sounder notion of the state of man upon earth. See the opinions and sentiments expressed in the book of Solomon."²²

¹ Life, I., p. 344.

² Ib., p. 368.

³ Ib., p. 378.

⁴ Ib., p. 393.

⁵ Ib., p. 405.

⁶ Ib., II., p. 4.

⁷ Ib., p. 276.

⁸ Ib., p. 200.

⁹ Ib., II., p. 263.

¹⁰ Ib., p. 287.

¹¹ Ib., III., p. 155.

¹² Compare II., 235.

¹³ Life, I., p. 281.

¹⁴ Ib., III., p. 36.

¹⁵ St. Matt. v. 3.

¹⁶ Life, III., p. 272-4.

¹⁷ 273, note.

¹⁸ 2 Thess. i. 10.

¹⁹ p. 275.

²⁰ Ib., III., p. 77.

²¹ Ib., II., p. 298.

²² Ib., III., p. 173.

We esteem these parts of his history as of the highest importance; because they powerfully illustrate the inseparable connection between the morality of the Gospel and the rest of its doctrine, and support the belief that the man who abandons the latter puts a period, whether consciously or unconsciously, to his possession of the former, even although it may often happen that life is too short and impediments too many to permit him to pursue the dreary process to its close. Faith, then, with him was already shipwrecked; and the theory of morals must soon have foundered: but what are we to say to his practical virtues?

There are several dangers of a most serious kind with which the contemplation of a mind and a history like those of Mr. Blanco White is attended. It may tempt us to deny the reality of those virtues which are presented to us apart from their natural and proper accompaniment of Christian belief, and in this way many, as we think, find an unworthy defence for their orthodoxy at the cost of their justice and brotherly kindness; for there are those among us who, if any evidences were laid before them of piety on the part of a misbeliever, would think themselves obliged beforehand to reject them on account of his heresy. Or again, admitting the reality of the virtues, and unable to deny the absence of all true perception of the catholic faith, we may fall into that most fatal error of regarding Christian dogma as a thing separable from the moral operation which generates the Christian character, and of holding that a man "may be saved by the law or sect which he professeth;" that there is a basis of human conduct, adequate to the ends of virtue, and yet other than that of the Gospel and the church. Such a view as this we take to be, not indeed in every individual, but in every school professing it, the sure precursor of infidelity. Or again, if we escape this pitfall, and still cling to the idea that the powers necessary for our moral renovation are linked by divine order to Christian doctrines, still when we are pressed with cases in which heretical opinion appears to have coëxisted with personal piety—such as those of Firmin, of Courayer, (in his last years,) and of others whose denials, though heretical, have not so obviously touched the foundation—we may be tempted into some classification of the several truths which make up the deposit of faith; and, setting down as unessential whatever we find to have been rejected by persons apparently living under the influences of religion, we may draw a new catalogue of fundamentals which we shall too surely find in the course of time to be subject to unlimited reduction. It is surprising how many grave and pious men have been induced to commit themselves, in one degree or another, to this most shallow and slippery theory. The process, indeed, which it requires, as it begins in an act of sheer presumption—for what are we that we shall analyze the faith of the perpetual and universal church, and separate its organic parts?—so it naturally terminates in exhaustion and inanition. But, fourthly and lastly, supposing we grant that Mr. Blanco White exhibits to our human view the marks of a true surrender of the will, and of its surrender to a loved and loving God; and that we likewise steadily maintain the catholic faith to be the only covenanted source of spiritual blessings; and that we also understand that faith as it was understood at Nice and at Constantinople, and when the note of unity was upon the church,

and she bore a universal and consistent witness to herself in her whole office: still we have before us the juxtaposition of what we cannot deny to be true though morbid and mutilated piety, with what we must assert to be in itself rank unbelief, not many degrees removed from speculative pantheism: and how then are we to deal with the distinct promise of our Lord—"If a man wishes to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God?" In the endeavor—thus we may be challenged—to frame such an explanation of a particular case as will pass current among men, are we not stumbling against the adamant rock of Holy Scripture?

We cannot pretend to give a complete answer to the objection; because it is not to be done without that knowledge of the secrets of the heart which we cannot possess and will not pretend. But the aspect in which Mr. Blanco White's case presents itself to us is not so perplexing as at first sight it appears. He supplies us in part at least with the keys to the comprehension of it when he says that¹ "an indiscriminate warmth of the social affections often took the lead of his judgment;" that he had always had² much more practical belief than logical conviction: that he had long struggled against the intellectual notions which at last led him captive; and especially that, after his understanding was utterly disturbed with regard to fundamental articles of belief, he read the New Testament daily to foster his religious feelings and habits,³ cherished the constant desire to follow God's will, and even attended the Holy Eucharist.⁴ In fact, the religious tempers and sympathies which had taken root in his mind survived, at least in part, the dogmatic faith of which they were the proper fruits and accompaniments. How long they would have so continued to subsist in isolation from their trunk we do not presume to judge; but from some of the indications of his later life, it would appear that they did derive, indeed they could derive, but very little positive sustenance from his later creed.

But although this explanation may serve to solve, or at least to relieve from some of its complications, one portion of the problem, namely the coexistence of religious affections with departure from the faith, and with sentiments of an almost blasphemous character, still it rather aggravates the other side of the difficulty, which stands thus: if his will was so truly set upon doing the will of God, how came he to lose the fruit of the promise that the willing shall be taught aright, that truth in intention shall be a guide to truth in knowledge?

Now Mr. Blanco White himself tells us of his own "restlessness of character."⁵ Again, it is natural to suppose that he had all along a resentment towards the Roman Church, as the original cause of his calamities, which could not be favorable to the maintenance of a really dispassionate tone of mind with regard to any matter of doctrine held by her: and such an antipathy, we have learned, he actually did entertain. This work also bears evidence of a peculiar and morbid sensitiveness;⁶ and, on the other hand, we see no reason to suppose that his character had at any time arrived at that high elevation and thorough discipline which would warrant the immediate and peremptory application of the promise to his pecu

¹ Life, I., p. 393. ² Ib., II., p. 32. ³ Ib., I., p. 367

⁴ Ib., I., p. 378.

⁵ Ib., III., p. 346.

⁶ Ib., II., 107, 123, 165; III., 347.

liar case. Still the case stands thus : here was a man who sought, and sought, humanly speaking, with integrity, for truth, and yet almost wholly missed it. We are disposed to look for the solution of this dilemma chiefly in the fact that the mind of Mr. Blanco White had in his early years suffered a wrench from which it never recovered ; that the natural relation between his speculative and his practical life was then violently and fundamentally disturbed ; and that any promise of Scripture which describes the influence to be produced by one part of our human constitution upon the other, by the will upon the intellect, must be understood with regard to those cases in which the laws of nature are left fundamentally undisturbed. But, as the arrow truly shot misses the target if this be moved during its flight, such a promise must necessarily fail to operate in cases where, both before the period of anything like full free agency is attained and after it, the orderly connection ordained to subsist between conviction and conduct has been not only impaired, but deliberately and systematically severed. Now so it was in Mr. Blanco White's devotion to the ecclesiastical career, and in the fatal necessities subsequently entailed upon him by that false position. He accepted that calling, as we have seen, because it was the key which alone could unlock to him the golden stores of literature that he panted to enjoy. The artful piety of his mother, or her advisers, instead of proceeding by the rude method of sheer force, applied to him the principle of the common curb, which becomes tighter as the horse pulls harder. It was determined to conquer him through himself. He was not obliged to become a priest ; oh, no : there was the counting-house open to him ; and it was well known that his abhorrence of this latter calling would stand instead of an attachment to the former, especially when it was backed by an enthusiastic love of his mother, and a disposition strongly sympathetic. It is not for us to condemn those who thus drove him into holy orders. There is every proof that his mother's motives were pure and high. The error of a want of due respect to natural bent is too common to excite surprise ; but the case before us is one that loudly calls upon us to mark its fatal operation.

It was not merely that his judgment was thus taken by storm, but it was in a matter where the decision was irrevocable : for the day that made him a sub-deacon cut him off forever from domestic life, which appears, we should say, to have been an essential part of his natural vocation ; and so he was placed in a course of daily and continual action, which had no support in the convictions of his interior mind ; he had indeed called in the aid of powerful religious excitement—yet, as we have seen above, he records that even at the time he never overcame an inward sentiment of loathing for the peculiar exercises of devotion which produced it. Nature had been expelled with a pitchfork, and she took her revenge on her return. The knowledge of physical truth had placed the youth in collision with his ecclesiastical preceptors at the age of fourteen or fifteen ; and as all instruction was delivered to him in the same tone and under the same seal of authority, it was natural and consequent that when a part had exploded he should vehemently question the rest. Upon the single issue whether the church—that is to say, the Church of Rome—had ever been mistaken, there was ventured the whole fabric of his

belief. No assimilating process had mixed it with the courses of his nature : the internal and experimental evidences which familiarity supplies, and the rooted persuasion which it thus engenders, had no existence for him ; and when we recollect that he appears to have stood well, while he was an unbeliever, as a theologian, confessor, and preacher—and that he maintained, for some period after his receiving holy orders, purity of conduct—all this opens to us clearly the yawning chasm within him, the total want of moral choice in the determining action of his life, and the fundamental discord between himself and his position that ensued.

Yet that which was fundamental for the time, needed not therefore have been perpetual and incurable. But, as is usual, error bred error. He found himself at once a priest and an atheist. When, in this awful state, he began to seek guidance and relief by touching timidly the minds of other priests, his friends, he found that

“ With him in dreadful harmony they joined ; ”

they echoed the note of total unbelief. We assent, of course, to the proposition that he ought to have quitted his position in the church at all hazards : but we shall plead in mitigation of judgment that we believe few, perhaps even of those who may say so, would, under all the circumstances of his time and place, have done it. In the first place, a man cannot justifiably overturn the whole structure of his life, and violently disturb the society in which he lives, except upon a full and mature conviction—and this can only be tested by time ; and it is not easy to mark the moment, so bewildering becomes the work of introspection, when a conviction entailing such terrible results has been sufficiently ascertained. But let it have arrived : to testify to a positive truth, to a living principle, is not only a duty, but an animating and ennobling idea : it is not the same thing when a man has to bear witness to a blank, a void, an universal negative—when he is to deprive all his fellow-creatures, as to their moral being, of the clothing that covers them, the house that shelters them, the food that sustains them, and to present to them the great *Nil* in exchange. Such was the case of Mr. Blanco White : and although others may not have reached the very same extremes, yet upon the whole he had, as we have seen, but too ample countenance from example. Nor was his case simply that of following a multitude to do evil. He saw, as he conceived, two classes in the priesthood : of these, one taught what they believed to be false ; but the others held and taught the same things upon an authority which he had satisfied himself was worthless, and would not suffer any to teach otherwise : besides the preachers of what they did not believe, and those who believed only in deference to the Church of Rome, there was no third class :—there were none with whom he could take refuge. The great men of heathen antiquity, too, who might present themselves as models to one in his circumstances, had, as he knew, dissembled more or less with regard to religion. And we must recollect that that duty of testifying to our own personal convictions, which is taught among us sometimes even to the disparagement of other duties, occupied no such place in the system under which he lived. It may nevertheless remain true that he ought to have braved the Inquisition—and, what was still more, that he ought to have placed his

parents on the rack of mental agony by the disclosure of his unbelief: but we must think that his breach of duty in dissembling was one which comparatively few among those, whose minds might be crude enough to have fallen into his error, could have avoided. Making all these admissions, however, the grave, the vast evil of the case remains clear. The moral consequences of maintaining a Christian profession for ten years upon a basis of Atheism—the Breviary¹ on the table, and the Anti-Christian writers of France in the closet—must have been fatal to the solidity and consistency of his inward life thereafter. At the very time when the mind may be said to have the last hand put to the formation of its determinate character—namely, from about twenty-five to thirty-five—it was his unhappy condition to be at first exercising all the offices, and to the last maintaining the profession, of a priest, while he knew that he had inwardly ceased to be a Christian. And surely it is not too much to say, while we sedulously disclaim the office of the judge, that after so long a period of contrast the most violent and unnatural—after the habits of mind belonging to such a position have been contracted, and hardened, as in so considerable a tract of time they must needs have been hardened—after the purposes and the general conduct of life have been so long and so entirely dissociated from inward convictions—it is too late to reestablish their natural relations to one other. We cannot with impunity thus tamper with the fearful and wonderful composition of our spiritual being—sincerity of intention after this *can* only subsist in a qualified and imperfect sense: it may be sincere so far as depends upon the contemporaneous action of the will, but it is clogged and hampered by the encumbering remains of former insincerity, and it can only reap a scanty share of the blessings that attend upon a virgin rectitude: and thus, as the promises to the penitent become ambiguous, and at length barren, in the progress of the hardening of the heart, so the promises of guidance to the willing must be understood with reference not to the mere inclination of the moment, but to the bent of the character modified as it is by former conduct, and to those *ἐπιταγὴς νόμοι*, those laws of moral retribution, which by the structure of our minds we are made, every one of us, to administer against ourselves.

Sometimes in reading this work we have been reminded, by the intensity of the sufferings which the writer describes, and of the prostration they produced, of the religious melancholy or madness of Cowper, who was "borne away by a rapid torrent into a strong sea."² We know not whether it be irrational to indulge the hope that bodily disease may have been in a greater or less degree the source of Mr. Blanco White's morbid speculations, and that the severity of its pressure may at least at times have placed his free agency in abeyance. With regard to all such possibilities, let us leave them to Him who knows and judges: only they may be useful in aiding us to check that impatience of the understanding, which so often leads us into premature and incompetent conclusions upon the personal merits of our fellow-creatures.

But however much or however little foundation there may be for a supposition of this kind, we confess we find in the long protracted contra-

dictions between conscience and conduct of his early career, quite enough to account for the fact that, notwithstanding his subsequent anxiety to attain the truth, his foot should have missed the narrow path which leads to her lofty palaces.

There may, however, perhaps be persons inclined to the opinions of Mr. Blanco White, who may contend that we do to him, and still more to those opinions, an injustice, when we represent the latter periods of his life as essentially and deeply unhappy: and it may be argued, that all symptoms of that character are fairly ascribable to the protracted and wearing, and sometimes acute maladies, under which he suffered, and to his frequent loneliness. But those of us who have ever witnessed the triumphs of faith upon the bed of sickness, and indeed probably every candid observer, will not, we think, find in his circumstances any sufficient ground for that remarkable prevalence of gloomy recollections which marks his journal. There are, indeed, occasionally passages indicating comfort, and sometimes more than comfort, when the momentary transports of intellectual activity were upon him. But his record is like that "harp of Innisfail," which ever and anon

"Was tuned to notes of gladness;
But yet it oftener told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness."

Whenever he describes the general color of his life, he describes it as miserable. So early as in the end of 1831, he says—"For the last eighteen years he has not enjoyed one day of tolerable existence." In 1835 he had, if we may so speak, the honeymoon of his Unitarianism. But, in 1836, he began³ to wish habitually for death—and death with him had a terrible meaning. Latterly his greatest comfort appears to have been found in literature⁴—"My only enjoyment of life arises from my books." In the year 1838 his complainings become almost incessant—and sometimes from being piteous they grow frightful. In the mean time, he says, his religious convictions, as they were fewer, were firmer than ever. This is generally the feeling of those who have just discarded what they think a falsehood, with regard to all they continue to hold; and he was always in this very predicament: but we could easily prove from his pages, with a redundancy of dark detail, that these convictions were totally incapable of giving cheerfulness or even tranquillity to his life, and that his closing years were years of habitual misery, mitigated only by intervals of partial relief.⁴

We have seen, then, how slender, in the later life of this unhappy man, were the relics of what once at least had been, in some sense, the majestic form of the Christian faith. As when a single stone remains upon the ground, the solitary memorial of some mighty temple, in which it once had its appointed place, but it is now shifted from its base—sustaining nothing, and itself unsustained—wasting away beneath the elements. Wasting, we fear, but too rapidly, unless the process should have been arrested by some dispensation from above. He seems, indeed, to have been nearly stationary during the last three or four years of his

¹ Life, I., p. 477.

² Ib., II., p. 244.

³ Ib., II., 275, 342.

⁴ See Life, III., 34, 13--15, 17, 22, 23, 35, 45, 55, 67, 70, 72, 89, 163, 183, 192, 198, 227.

¹ Doblado, p. 134.

² Southey's Life, p. 115.

life; to have been withheld, when he had arrived within a single stage of utter vacuity and desolation, from making that last advance. So large a share of this last portion of his life was occupied by weariness and torpor, or by acute and agonizing pains, that the continuity of the action of his mind appears to have been broken, and his effort at speculation to have been like the ineffectual attempts of a man who has lost his limbs to rise, and what he would have called progress thereby rendered impossible. Hence perhaps it was, that the rapid and precipitous descent of many years became a sort of plain at the last. For let no man say that the reason of his remaining stationary was that he had attained the haven of his speculative rest—a simple, consistent, solid, indestructible philosophy of religion. The disjointed fragments of belief that remained were of necessity much more liable to further disruption, in proportion as their principle of cohesion had been progressively relaxed. This sounds, however, it will be said, too much like the assumptions that the slaves of creeds are apt to make. We will therefore say, and endeavor to prove, that his scheme, or view, or notion, or whatever be the name of that by which he had replaced the repudiated form of "religion," had not even that unity and freedom from intrinsic causes of disturbance, which its cold, naked, passionless form, and the paucity of its propositions, should, if they could have secured anything, not have failed to secure.

The being of God was the dogma about which his intellect still hovered, and upon which, as we believe, his affections, less insecurely, clung. The present was miserable, the future intolerable: intolerable (so he says) as connected with the idea of a continued personal existence: and only mitigated in part by the fact that it lay in utter darkness—and hope might thus vaguely and feebly wander amidst "unconditioned possibility." That hope was "without form and void;" it did not embrace personality; on the other hand it had not absolutely realized the contrary doctrine of absorption: it was, if anywhere, in some region more void and dreamy, and by far less joyous, than that of the song of Ariel:¹

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

And the "rich," if it existed at all, was not anything within his intelligent desires, nor the "strange" anything perceptibly related to his sympathies. He therefore had endured the test of his own searching doctrine—that virtue to be truly loved must be loved for its own sake, not for the hope of reward,² and that the foundations of morality are independent of the hope of a future life. Thus he had removed from about his belief in the existence of God every secondary prop: the resignation which he declared, is entitled to the more honor because he professed it at an awful disadvantage. A little before his death he used these touching words, which however are much above the ordinary tone of his later life:—

"I am going, my dear friend: I am leaving you very fast. I have not formed such definite views of the nature of a future life as many have—but I trust Him who has taken care of me thus far. I should trust a friend, and can I not trust Him?"

There is not in my mind the possibility of a doubt."³

And again, in extreme anguish—

"Oh my God! Oh my God! But I know thou dost not overlook any of Thy creatures: Thou dost not overlook me. So much torture—to kill a worm! Have mercy upon me, O God! have mercy upon me! I cry to Thee, knowing I cannot alter Thy ways. I cannot if I would—and I would not if I could. If a word could remove these sufferings, I would not utter it."

But could this, unless by some inconsistency, some merciful error, have continued? Was the disastrous course of his so-called inquiry at an end? Would the restlessness of his discursive understanding, unless paralyzed by pain and exhaustion, have suffered him, after reducing his standing ground from the "large room" of the believer to a foot-span, there to maintain his position? On the contrary, it appears to us that there are recorded in the pages of his life dilemmas, which he had constructed, but had not disposed of, on which his view of primary duty must again have driven him to speculate, and of which, from the premises he had assumed, he never could have found an affirmative solution.

The ultimate form which his doctrine concerning the existence of God assumed was this:—That revelation there was not, and could not be:⁴ that although miracles might have really taken place, there was no medium for their conveyance to our perceptions, such as could render the belief of them rational:⁵ that, however weighty, no evidence could establish one:⁶ that

"it is a vain attempt to seek for knowledge of the Deity anywhere but within ourselves. To define God is to deny him; for definition is limitation, and he is unlimited. Useless, or worse than useless, are all the arguments of natural theology, unless we have previously found the proof of the being of God in our own souls. The idea of the eternal and unlimited spirit must proceed from the consciousness of the temporal and limited spirit; we know ourselves as this limited spirit, and we are conscious that we have not made ourselves to exist: another spirit must consequently exist, from whom the nature and limitation of our own depend. The limited proves the unlimited; else what could have set the limits?"⁷

Now he lays down elsewhere the canon that "religion does not consist in history, criticism, or metaphysics,"⁸ and that it cannot depend upon any inquiry not fitted for the mass of men;⁹ and, strange as it may seem, he says that only "a small degree of reflection" is requisite in order to enable the mind to frame that notion of the Deity which flows out of the perception "that the limited proves the unlimited; else what could have set the limits?" On various occasions he declaims against corrupting the minds of children by religious prejudices: he would have had them wait until they could perceive that "the limited proves the unlimited; else what could have set the limits?" This would have been the sole instrument, according to him, of showing to the young, to the heart of woman, to the poor, to the sick, to the perplexed, the God in whom they live and move and have their being. We do not indeed object to his raising an argument for the being of

¹ Life, III., 302.

² Ib., III., 252.

³ Ib., 246.

⁴ Ib., 207.

⁵ Ib., III., p. 147.

⁶ Ib., p. 227.

⁷ Ib., p. 318.

⁸ Tempest, i., 2.

⁹ Life, III., p. 253.

God from the internal view of our own souls, though we protest against his exclusion of other arguments, and with yet more vehemence against gratuitously founding the structure of religion upon any resort to metaphysical reasoning, of which a large portion of mankind are by habit quite incapable. But what we wish now to point out is, that even upon the lean and impoverished remains of his belief, he was hopelessly at issue with himself. In the passage we have quoted the essential characteristic of God, is unlimited being.¹ But he likewise instructs us as follows:—

"According to the constitution of our minds, the knowledge which we have of ourselves and of the external world leads us *with absolute necessity* to conclude that, if the world was created by the free act of a conscious Being, that Being must either be limited in power or in goodness. Out of this dilemma neither philosophy nor theology can extricate the thinking and unsuperstitious mind."²

Thus he had declared, as truths of the very highest certainty—1st. That the Creator of this universe must be limited in goodness or in power: 2d. That, to be God, he could not be otherwise than unlimited. It was a mercy, and a marvel, that under these circumstances even the glimmering of light that remained to him was not extinguished.

But again, he had used the argument, while he continued to recognize a Revelation, that as the Divinity of our Lord was contested among His followers, it could not be essential to His religion.³ Afterwards he came clearly and fully to the conviction that all those who received a fixed Revelation, of whatever kind, were bibliolaters, idolaters, buried in darkness, and slaves of gross superstition; that Christianity consisted in the renunciation of positive creeds.⁴ But that enlightened portion of mankind, who satisfy this singular definition, are divided among themselves upon the question of the being of a God. Let us take his own statement of the case:—

"Many philosophers, and almost all divines, have positively asserted that the human mind discovers the existence of God by a law of its own nature. I have attentively examined this assertion, and am convinced that, on the contrary, there are few men who believe in the true, the spiritual God. This belief, on the contrary, is one of the highest attainments of our developed mental existence."⁵

How then could that be in any way, according to his principles, necessary to the human race, which was only received by a very few among them? And which, though capable, (as he says,) when once discovered, of being imparted with ease, even to children, was only originally to be discovered by the efforts of the highest mental development, and therefore must have remained utterly unknown until the period when the acme of that development was first attained? The argument, from consent therefore, of which he felt the force, though he mistook the application, told against the only remaining dogma by which he held: and whenever he had come to enforce with consistency his canon, that what is contested must be judged indifferent, he must have lost his grasp of the last plank of his shattered vessel.

Again, is it possible to conceive a paradox more untenable than for the man who says no evidence, whatever its amount, can prove a miracle, to hold at the same time that from an inward view of our own minds we ought certainly to believe in the existence of a Being of infinite uncontrollable power? If the power be infinite, can it not suffice for the performance of a miracle? Is not Saint Augustine right when he teaches, that the establishment and maintenance of the ordinary laws of nature required a greater and more wonderful exercise of power, than most of those deviations from them, which we designate by the name of miracles? Cannot the power which is sufficient to create us, and sufficient (for this he does not deny) to perform the miracles, avail to convey its own acts to the perceptions of its own creatures?

We cannot then entertain the smallest confidence that, if he had been permitted a few more years of mental activity, he would not have crushed into dust the fragments of belief, which at the period of his death had not yet been decomposed. In that case, the warning which he has left behind him, written by the dispensation of Providence for our learning, would have been even more forcible, but the picture itself would have been in proportion more grievous. And truly, as it is, it has abundant power both to convey instruction and to excite pity. As to the last, what can be more deeply moving than to see one who was endowed from birth upwards with more than an ordinary share of the best worldly goods, and dedicated to the immediate service of God, after he has once fallen into atheism and has been recovered from it, again loosed from his hold, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, pursuing in turn a series of idle phantoms, each more shadowy than that which it succeeds, and terminating his course in a spiritual solitude and darkness absolutely unrelieved but for one single star, and that too of flickering and waning light? And all this under the dismal delusion that he has been a discoverer of truth—that he has been elected from among men to this nakedness and destitution—that with the multitude of his accumulating errors he has acquired a weight of authority, increasing in proportion to the years which he has consumed in weaving the meshes that entangle him. Horror, indeed, and not pity, is the appropriate sentiment which, in most cases, the view of that dreadful process, by which faith is eaten out from the soul, would excite. But when we recollect that there is no evidence before us warranting us at least to impute the dark results in this instance to deliberate or habitual perversion of the will, and that he has himself recorded the deep sorrows of his life, though he could not see their cause, it is manifest that the sentiments which this examination should leave upon our minds are those of profound commiseration.

As to instruction, we may receive it here, with much pain indeed, but with little danger. When we recollect how often unbelief allies itself with licentiousness of every kind, and thus makes its appearance under the most seductive aspect, we feel a respect for the honesty of such opponents of the Christian faith as do not disguise the bitterness of the fruits which they have reaped from the poisoned seed of their false imaginations. We have a comparative gratitude to those who place before us cases like that of Shelley, and the not wholly dissimilar instance now before us, where the records themselves, prepared by the parties or

¹ See also Life, III., p. 13.

² Ib., III., p. 283.

³ Ib., II., p. 20.

⁴ Ib., pp. 38 and 39, and p. 267.

⁵ Life, III., p. 452.

their friends for the public eye, bear demonstrative testimony to the incapacity of anti-Christian theories, when entertained in subtle and ever-questioning minds, to supply any stable resting-place to the understanding, or any adequate support under the sorrows and the cares of life. Shelley tells us of himself, in those beautiful Verses, written, in Dejection, near Naples,—

"Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around."

And he indicates in the "Alastor" that the utmost he hoped to realize was—

"Not sobs nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,
But pale despair and cold tranquillity."

Mr. Blanco White was happily distinguished from Shelley in so far that, with his understanding in part, and with his heart less equivocally, he even to the last embraced the idea of a personal or quasi-personal God, whom he could regard with reverence and love, and to whom he could apply, with whatever restriction of the signification of the words, that sublimest sentiment of the Christian soul—

"In la Sua volontade è nostra pace."

Yet the only element of positive consolation which, so far as we can discover, cheered his later days, was the notion that there was something² "ennobling," something "very dignified in a human being awaiting his dissolution with firmness!" But neither had he joy on this side of the grave, nor any hope that would bear his own scrutiny on the other. For, of the first, he repeatedly tells us that to live was torment,³ that he dreaded the idea of any improvement in his health, that nothing but the conviction of the criminality of the act kept him from self-destruction. Of the second, again, it is indeed true that his affections still struggled against the devouring skepticism of his understanding; and as he had formerly tried to persuade himself of the doctrine of the Trinity, so he tries to persuade himself to the last that he will in some way exist after death.⁴ "God cannot," he says, "have formed his intellectual creatures to break like bubbles and be no more." But others, as far advanced as himself in the destruction of faith, have made efforts as vigorous to keep some hold of some notion of immortality. Thus Shelley has written with great force:—

"Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows,
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?"⁵

And from other passages of the work before us it is too plain that Mr. Blanco White did not believe in his own personal immortality. Indeed, that is an idea which he selects for ridicule from his sick-bed:—"P. P., clerk of the parish, must be the same identical individual throughout eternity; the same are every one of his neighbor's wishes; against which wishes there are difficulties which every reflecting man must find insuperable."⁶ And we must observe in passing, that this is one of very many instances in which he states the most startling opinions as certainly true in the view of the illuminated portion of mankind, without having anywhere attempted any substantive exposition of their grounds. So again he declares,—"there is not one philosophical principle upon

which the immortality of Mr. A. and Mrs. B. can be established." So much for his expectation; and as to his desire, he says (April, 1839)—

"Most of my thoughts are melancholy forebodings, which I cannot entirely dispel, but am obliged to let them pass like dark clouds over my mind."

So early, indeed, as in 1837, he had written with a more fearful clearness,—

"I feel as if an eternal existence was already an insupportable burden laid upon my soul."

And he says again, in 1840,—

"I feel oppressed by the notion of eternal existence, even when the absence of evil is made one of its conditions."

It is true, indeed, as we have already said, that he retained his resignation; and it was not altogether that of Stoic pride—it had also features of a Christian tenderness: so much the more is it remarkable, so much the more is his example useful for our warning, when we find that resignation itself had lost the power which it never fails to exert on behalf of the Christian: it could not take the sting from death, nor the victory from the grave; it could not engender hope. Little, then, as we have to fear from the posthumous influence of Mr. Blanco White, through the medium of his arguments, if they be carefully and calmly sifted, we have as little to apprehend from any appeals which his history may make to our passions and our grosser nature. To a blinded pride, doubtless, it may offer incense; but it brings with it no small correction in the mental oppression and misery which it discloses.

Upon the whole, we are very deeply impressed with the value and importance of the lessons which this history of a skeptical mind imparts and enforces. We have indeed exhibited only a few of the incongruities of its philosophy; but as they stand in the original, if not as they appear in our pages, they afford a strong collateral witness to the truth by showing the self-destructive character of infidel speculations. It may well increase our humility to mark the fall of a man to whom many of us will be ready to own themselves morally inferior; and the letters of that golden text, "Be not high-minded, but fear," seem as if they stood forth from every page. It may well fortify our faith, when we observe the desolating and exhausting power with which unbelief lays waste the mind of its victim, and the utter shipwreck that it made of happiness along with faith. It is not, however, only in favor of the general notion of Christianity, as against those who deny it, that Mr. Blanco White bears his strong though negative and involuntary witness: it is in favor of Christianity un mutilated and entire, as against the generalized and enfeebled notion of it; of that Christianity in which the Word and the Church, the supreme law and the living witness and keeper of that law, apply to the one inveterate malady of the race of Adam its one divine unfailing remedy. For thus much we conceive is clearly proved, with regard to his life in this country, by the work before us, if it were previously in doubt: the faith of the English church he never left, for he had never held it. He joined himself, indeed, and we doubt not with sincere intention, to her communion, and he subscribed her formularies; but he never mastered the idea which *they* at least represent, if it be more faintly discernible in the practice of her children—the idea of a Reformed Catholic Christianity.

¹ Paradiso, c. iv.

² Life, III., p. 36.

³ *Ib.*, pp. 3; 4, 45, 35, 47, 53, 163 and *alibi*, 192.

⁴ Life, p. 36. ⁵ Adonais, an Elegy. ⁶ Life, III., p. 38.

¹ Life, III., p. 63. ² *Ib.*, p. 55. ³ *Ib.*, p. 323. ⁴ *Ib.*, 289.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF FREDERICK III. OF PRUSSIA.

Characteristic Traits of the Domestic Life of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, as narrated by the Very Reverend R. Eylert, D. D., Bishop of the United Evangelical Church of Prussia. Translated from the German, by JONATHAN BIRCH, Holder of the Prussian Great Gold Medal of Homage, Author of Original Fables, and Translator of Goethe's Faust. 1 Vol. 1845.

THE character of the late Frederick William was somewhat anomalous. There was in it much of reserve, of sternness, and even of apparent harshness; or rather perhaps of coldness and ungraciousness; and yet when the veil is drawn aside from his private retirements, we find some of the most kind, tender, and delicate feelings exhibited, both in his conversation and his actions. He habitually wore a brow of earnest sadness; and, poor man, he had gone through scenes which might well make any one earnest and sad. He came to the throne at the age of twenty-seven, at a time when the influence of the French Revolution was extending itself throughout Europe; he was subjected as a man, a king, a patriot, a husband, and a father, to the bitterest sorrows, the most humiliating reverses, the direst perils. He was constrained to crouch beneath the iron hoof of the man whom he most abhorred; the desolator of Europe; who carried fire and sword into his dominions, and all but succeeded in expelling him from his throne, and placing upon it some Bonaparte upstart. He was harassed by the aggravated horrors of long and sanguinary wars; he saw the liberties and lives of his impoverished and famishing people exposed to the brutal invasions of a "fierce and haughty foe," whose reckless ambition no human power had hitherto been able to check, except in the single instance of insulated England; and his personal share of the general calamity was the greater, not only because of its striking at the crowned heads of Europe, but because being a despotic monarch, (though in a mild sense of that phrase,) there was no popular body to interpose between him and his people, so as to break the force of collision or concussion. In England the chief responsibility fell upon the houses of legislation, and especially upon the representatives of the people; the sovereign personally being almost powerless, for even the prerogative of selecting his ministers of state is subject practically to the approbation of the people, who can stop the supplies for the public service, if they do not approve of his choice. But in the non-constitutional governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the sole responsibility rests upon the autocrat; and such a weight of care, in that awful period of European conflict, might well sadden the brow of a ruler so estimable, so conscientious, and so patriotic as the late King of Prussia.

Nor can we wonder that besides being sad, he was also distrustful; for confidence is a plant of slow growth even in a favorable atmosphere; and he had seen and felt more than most men to weaken it. All persons who have much to bestow are liable to be surrounded by self-interested and time-serving flatterers, who would make no scruple to pay their adoration elsewhere, if they could further their interests by so doing: and in the days when Napoleon could raise or subvert empires with a stroke of his pen, and when rewards were

at his disposal, from a kingly crown to the lowest honorary investiture, it was difficult for the King of Prussia to know upon whom he could securely depend. He was not naturally of a reposing temper; and the circumstances under which he was placed tended to chill that exotic virtue.

But in the pages of Bishop Eylert, he gains not only upon our respect and esteem, but upon our affections. We have already seen him in the dignity of high conscientious scriptural principle; we will now contemplate him in his daily domestic and social conduct. We find in him a sterling kindness; a delicacy of mind; a love of doing good by stealth, and disliking to find it fame; a steadiness in friendship; and a power of gaining the affections of those who held intimate intercourse with him; which were not popularly considered among his characteristic qualities.

But before we speak of Frederick the Third, we must introduce a remarkable passage relating to the character of that extraordinary man, his royal relative, Frederick the Second, misnamed the Great. There is nothing, unhappily, in the statement materially to soften the dark shadows which rest upon the memory of that highly-gifted but scoffingly irreligious man. We find, however, that he had some compunctious visitings of conscience; and that if his Voltarianism made him laugh and jest, it did not make him happy. We do not wonder to find his great-nephew speaking as he does of him in the conversation which we are about to relate between himself and Bishop Eylert; for he had been kindly used by him, and had received, as this passage shows, good monitions from his lips; for Frederick the Second, though an avowed and confirmed infidel, did not wish to see his young relative grow up in wickedness; and he strongly inculcated maxims of honor and virtuous conduct. He was himself much to be pitied as the victim of a wretched education, under a severe and ill-judging parent; who, instead of endeavoring to turn his wonderful talents to good account, only vexed and thwarted him, regarding his love of literature as a base unkinglike addiction, and treating him with such harshness as caused him to endeavor, in his eighteenth year, to elope from court; but his intention being discovered, he was imprisoned, and a young officer, who was to have shared his flight, was put to death in his presence. But we cannot see our way to his royal relative's conclusion, that under an irreligious surface there was in him some religion at heart; for it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh; and we also think that Bishop Eylert was too much fascinated by his talents to estimate his character impartially. But we will not detain our readers from the passage to which we advert. The bishop is the relater:

"The king had erected a Belvedere in the neighborhood of Paretz, whence he had a beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding country. He delighted to tranquilize himself there—but after the queen's death he generally visited it alone. When he would indulge in contemplation, he desired to be away from the world, and divested himself of all that could embarrass his musing. The solemn beech and oak avenue in the Park of Frederick II. had therefore great attractions for him.

"One fine summer evening in 1823, I had strolled into the the public grounds of Sans-Souci. Near the Japanese House I observed the king with folded arms pacing up and down, sometimes stop-

ping, as if in deep thought. Knowing how much he disliked to be disturbed when in such humor, I endeavored to avoid him—but he had caught sight of me. I therefore stood still, respectfully bending;—he seemed sad, and as he passed me, merely raised his hand to his foraging-cap—but turning, he in a friendly tone invited me to join him.

“‘You are willingly at Sans-Souci?’ I replied, —‘Yes, your majesty; its ancient druidical groves make it the most interesting spot about Potsdam;—it is the sublime theatre of great remembrances.’

“‘It offers much for rumination and comparison,’ said the king. I continued, ‘In the sorrowful years 1807, 1808, and 1809, I often paced, with heavy heart, this hallowed spot, comforting myself with hopes of happier times. God has mercifully brought that about, and now it is delightful to wander in Sans-Souci!’ ‘Do you remember Frederick II.?’ said his majesty. ‘I recollect having seen the Great King in my boyhood—his large flaming eyes will never be forgotten by me.’ The king said—‘Yes, his eye was the mirror of his mind; and that mind was bright, full, and profound. He kept in advance of the age, and much of what he purposed and left behind in writing, is *now* bearing fruit.’ I remarked—‘When one reads his works—namely, what he wrote on “The Rights of Man,” it would appear that his principles were milder and more general than his practice—in which severity and absolute power often showed themselves.’ The king, fixing his eyes on me, continued—‘What you say I have often read and heard; nevertheless, ’tis a mistake, although it have the seeming air of truth. The difference between then and the present, must be taken into consideration; the individualities and regulations of that great man, though suited to his time, would be improper and not work now. Other times, other customs!—Everything was more compact, sounder, and bolder then; we have become politer, genteeler, more flexible—whether for the better, I will not stop to examine; and where is the man who will dare the solution? As with every man, so has every age a peculiar blending of good and evil—light and shade;—the latter often to make the former more conspicuous. The miserable herd of dog-like lickspittles, who see in Frederick II. all perfection—no weaknesses—I abhor from my soul;—unbounded praise and panegyric indicate inanity and empty-mindedness.

“‘The rising generation, who have seen little and experienced less, marvel at the unusual; whereas to the seriously thinking, staid man, who has correctly studied the annals of past times, and has gained experience with age, all seems to have proceeded according to the common order of things.

“‘I feel suspicious of the utterers of flattery. In them there is always want of discernment or purity of heart—often both!’—This was all said when standing. Then, as he was wont to do when growing animated, he advanced his right foot firmly, and continued,—‘Doubtlessly many weaknesses and faults clave to Frederick, and the adage may be justly applied to him, “Where there is much light there is much shade!”’ For he was, and remained, purely man. But those comprehend him least, who—as you did just now—attribute to him a natural propensity for severity and despotism. No, no! the natural and real senti-

ments of his heart were pure love to mankind, and a lively sympathy, which often rose to strong emotion. He carried those feelings so deeply in his bosom, and found therein so cordial an element, that it was his unceasing desire to encourage and strengthen them.

“‘Thence his lively sensations for friendship, his love and tenderness towards his kin, and, notwithstanding the great difference of rank, his faithfulness and constancy towards his companions, and his love for music and its soft impressions;—it is well known that on the flute he succeeded best in adagios;—thence his decided inclination for the sciences and erudition, as well the depths of abstract philosophy as the joyous heights of poesy;—thence his love for animals, not forgetting his dogs;—thence his sympathy for retirement, and the eternal newness of nature. This spot, how sombre, solemn, and serene—yet how pleasing and consoling!—How often did he pass the hours of evening here, strolling up and down, full of the noblest sentiments and sensations!—He who so thought, felt, chose, and enjoyed with equanimity, must have been a stranger to the austerity of misanthropy.

“‘He was maltreated in his youth; yet did he never feel intimidation; his strong and eminent mind shielded him from fear. Nevertheless, harshness made him suspicious, and this suspicion, fed by the artifices, intrigues, and cabals, which those who were about the court of his choleric father had spun around him, his mother, sisters and associates—became fixed; and therefore a prominent feature in his character. Approximated to, and daily viewing and estimating the higher and highest ranks from this gloomy side—may account for the severity, bordering on dislike, which he often displayed towards such in terms of bitterest sarcasm. *Not from inclination, but from principle*, was he stern, often harsh; being of opinion that fear, in most cases, namely, with the higher classes, effectuated more than love. Those, and more particularly the officials, he therefore kept in continual tension and fear; he looked on them with a distrustful eye, and was inexorable towards them, whenever he discovered they had been guilty of dereliction of duty, or injustice. On the other hand, he placed ready confidence in the common man, the citizen, and the peasant; but most of all in his brave soldiery;—and he felt the loyal attachment of his people to be his greatest treasure. In one word, everything about that potentate partook of the grandiose—all, the outflowing of his firm principles.’

“The king spoke quick, emphatically, and long, as was always the case when he got well into a subject;—he stopped, leaned against a beech-tree, and looking pensively forward—in a low tone said—‘Yes, he was indeed a great man!’—It was on this spot, sitting on this very bench, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. His goodwill towards me, which on that occasion was expressed with the utmost tenderness, has been ever dear to me, and of lasting reminiscence.

“‘He examined me on such branches of learning and science as were then my study, particularly history and the mathematics. I was required to converse with him in the French language; and he drew from his pocket an edition of La Fontaine’s Fables, fixing on the one I should translate to him. As it happened, I had construed it before to my tutor, consequently I did it fluently. Upon his praising my improvement, I informed him of

my having previously translated it; his face brightened up, and patting me on the cheek, he said—"That's right, my dear Fritz;—always honest and honorable!—Never seem to be what thou art not; but always more than thou appearest to be."—That admonition made an indelible impression on my heart, and though I disliked falsehood from my childhood, from that time on I have hated and detested all species of dissembling and lies.

"He particularly incited me to a perfect knowledge and fluency in the French language, as being the diplomatic language of the world, and thereto highly appropriate from its flexibility. Truly, on account of its pliancy, I speak it more correctly than the German;—nevertheless, I like the German best.

"When Frederick permitted me to retire, he said, "Mind, Fritz!—be something extraordinary *par excellence*. Great things are expected from thee. I am near the end of my career; my day's work is all but finished. I fear that after my death matters will go *pêle-mêle*. There is everywhere enough of inflammable stuff, and the ruling princes, particularly those of France, feed the flame instead of calming it, or extirpating the cause. The masses of the people already show themselves, on the surface; when they break out, then is the devil loose—I fear that it will be thy lot to witness troublesome times. Qualify thyself—be prepared—be firm—and think of me. Keep vigilant guard over our house's honor and fame. Be guilty of no injustice; at the same time tolerate none!"

"Thus talking, we had arrived at the extremity of Sans-Souci, where the Obelisk stands: "Behold," said he, "how tapering, lofty, and aspiring, yet is it firmly erected and fixed, defying wind and storm. Yon structure says to thee, *Ma force est ma droiture*. The culminating point, the apex, crowns the whole; it bears not, but is borne by the beneath, more particularly by the invisible foundation. That foundation is the people in unity. Always hold to them, in a manner, that they love thee and have confidence in thee; through them only canst thou prove strong and fortunate." He then with steadfast eye measured me from head to foot—gave me his hand—kissed me—and dismissed me with these words, "Never forget this hour!"—I have not forgotten it, and at this moment he is before my soul as when he lived. What say you thereto?"

"Such heart-exalting remembrances," I replied, "bring the great and incomparable king before one, clad in philosophical dignity, and make reproachful criticisms unworthy of notice."

"May it please your majesty," I added, "a short and naïve anecdote occurs to me, bearing on this point, which I think I must have read in the Jena paper not long ago." "What is it?" said the king. "The upper Consistorial Councillor Büsching of Berlin—who, in his time, was an esteemed clergyman and author,—published a Biography of Frederick the Great; and because he considered himself to have been neglected, and wounded by many severe and sarcastic cabinet-orders, he took on himself to judge the king, from his own feelings and position, in a very one-sided manner, and brought together a *masse* of anecdotes derogatory to his character; particularly in respect of his irreligion. The reviewer's remark on Büsching's book was short and pithy:—"Few men present a wise face when they look at the sun."

"'Excellent!' said the king, and a satisfactory yet satirical smile played on his lips.

"Having entered thus far on this interesting topic, I permitted myself to remark, that 'Frederick II. was chiefly reproached in reference to religion.'

"The king's brow wrinkled as he said, 'You have touched on a point, about which I reluctantly speak. I have heard and read so much that is one-sided and erroneous on that head, that the subject has become irksome to me.' He was silent awhile; then deeply drawing breath, he said, 'Great and distinguished men, about whom is individuality and originality, ought not to be estimated by the common standard; they have their own peculiarities, for all belonging to them is peculiar. Such can only appear in those who are above mediocrity, and who have an eye for the greatness in question. It does not show itself in single and detached acts, anecdotes, or fragmental expressions; but in its totality, forming a connected and consistent whole. Such is even difficult of assumption by ordinary men;—the uncommon and extraordinary have, in all times, an enigmatical quality about them, and have therefore been more or less in their day misunderstood; but calmly-judging posterity has done, or will do them justice. Where is the man, who, clogged by his own errors and fallibilities, dares allow himself to pronounce judgment on the intrinsic worth of others!—We don't know ourselves!—Pray, what is tenderer, subtler, or secretes itself more in the mysterious depths of the bosom, than our religious feeling, with its forebodings and fears!—It is least felt by those who talk most about it, and oftenest found in the hearts of those who are silent on the holy matter.'

"The king, looking upwards, ceased. I was about to speak, but he rejoined: 'I've not done yet; you've got me for once into full swing, so I'll have my say out. If we are aware of any one who possesses a clear and contemplative understanding, a feeling heart, a soul for the sublime, a reverence for laws and order, and who admits of the Christian religion being the best—then I should like to know who has more inherent qualifications for holiness than he! But instead of that disposition being awakened in a manner suitable to Frederick's individuality of character, and proper blendment with his other studies—in which his mind made rapid and delighted advancement—so that it might freely develop itself; he was fettered in that respect, by a limiting and pinching authority, strongly partaking of compulsion; which he could not, and would not, bear!

"The instruction he received in the Christian religion was what I would not censure, had it been inducted in a right manner;—but it was according to the doctrines of the Calvinistic church, and surrounded by forced and harsh constraints. The whole cut of it was after the spirit of those times—more controversial than instructive. This intolerant polemic, which assumed to itself the power of opening and shutting heaven, was far from satisfying his manly mind, then occupied with the study of Wolff's Philosophy; his heart therefore remained untouched.

"Thence came it, that the fundamental dogmas of our church proved disagreeable to him, and his distaste for them increased greatly, by being compelled to commit to memory all the catechisms. The more that he from filial respect assumed appearances, the more his heart revolted. When

his rising powers in unguarded moments burst through the burthensome limitations—the unworthy punishments which never failed to follow, embittered him still more—so that in his soul was collected the tinder of scepticism, scorn, and derision. Every morning, as a task, he was required to learn by heart large portions of the Bible, without particular selection, or being accompanied by explanations; and every Sunday he was constrained to hear a tedious and sterile sermon preached in the garrison church. His immediate attendants professed profound and anxious veneration for divine worship; but he found out that exactly those who were loudest about the matter, and would be taken for the most pious, were those who were least so in reality—being guilty of sinful outbreaks, intrigues, rogueries, and vices, such as Paganism would have condemned. All this filled his soul with dislike and bitterness, and en- cased the healthful inward fruit with a harsh and prickly exterior, that hurt and offended many.

“But his principles remained sound; truly, not nurtured by the infusions prescribed by the then forms of the church—but refreshed and vivified by an earnest and deep feeling of reverence and respect for the laws of God and man. Of a truth one may say—in fulfilment of his duties, he was more practically religious than he seemed. There may have been, and still may be, such a thing as a theoretical atheism; but I can form no idea of the possibility of any one being conscientiously an atheist. The reasonable being can no more divest himself of belief in a God, than he could withdraw himself from the influence of air, and retain health.

“Truly, Frederick was many times guilty of deriding what mankind holds most holy; and unfortunately those sarcastic insults reached the ears of the public. Such witty and intellectual heads are too often induced by circumstances to feel and give way to momentary impulses—and forgetting themselves for a time, say what is never intended to be taken seriously, or promulgated, much depends on time, place, circumstance, and company—and the same witty scorner, who the evening before has kept ‘the table in a roar’ with his jokes and derisions, is perchance to-morrow not only incapable of such flights, but repentant for having so transgressed.

“Has not this happened to the best of us?—If we will be reasonable, we ought not to judge mankind—more particularly one so distinguished as Frederick, by single and detached expressions uttered in unguarded moments; but by the general tenor and direction of whole lives.

“The great Luther would appear small if we judged him by his table-talk only. The world has been acquainted with what Frederick—stimulated by ridiculous contrasts—has said at table and elsewhere, of an irreverential and profane nature; but what he thought and felt in his solitary walks, of a lofty and divine nature, has never come to its knowledge: it is the essence and genuine character of true and unvarnished piety, which lies deeply hid in the soul, to shun being talked about.

“As respects this deep-seated piety of Frederick II., I remember an excellent anecdote:—will your majesty permit me to relate it? ‘Anecdote about him!’ said the king; ‘alas, of them there are too many. The narrators shorten and lengthen as it may suit their fancies. If yours be of historic truth, let me hear it.’

“Frederick II., after the successful termination of the Seven Years’ War, was always pleased to see old General von Ziethen at his table, and whenever there were no foreign princes present, his appointed place was beside the king. On one occasion he was invited for Good Friday; Ziethen excused himself as not being able, inasmuch as he made it a point to partake of the sacrament on that great church festival—and desired to spend the remainder of the day in meditation.

“The next time he appeared at Sans-Souci to dinner, the conversation, as was usual, assumed an intellectual and merry course—and the king jocosely turned it on his immediate neighbor in these words: ‘Well, Ziethen, how did the supper of Good Friday agree with you?—have you properly digested the veritable body and blood!’—The jovial table-guests set up a jeering laugh—but the ancient Ziethen, after shaking his grey head indignantly, left his chair;—then bowing respectfully to his majesty, he with a loud and firm voice thus addressed the king:—

“Your majesty well knows that in war I shun no danger—and that whenever it has been necessary, I have not hesitated to risk my life for you and my country. The same sentiment animates me still, and this very day, if you command it, I will suffer my hoary head to be cut off, and loyally laid at your feet. But there is One above who is more than you, and I, and all mankind;—and that One is the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who died for all—having purchased us by his precious blood.

“I will therefore not submit to have the Holy One on whom my faith reposes—who is my consolation in life, and hope after death, to be attacked and derided. In the strength of this faith, your brave army courageously fought and conquered;—if it is your majesty’s pleasure to undermine this faith, then does your majesty lend a hand to undermining the state’s welfare. What I have said is true—receive it graciously!”

“The king was visibly agitated by this speech. He stood up, offered his right hand to the brave old Christian general, put his left hand on his shoulder, and said with emotion: ‘Happy Ziethen! would that I could believe as you do! I have all respect for your faith—hold fast to it:—what has occurred shall never happen again!’

“A deep and solemn silence ensued; none seemed to have courage to utter a word; and even the king was so taken aback, that not readily hitting on an apt subject for further conversation, he broke up the half-finished dinner, by giving the dismissal signal. To Ziethen, however, he gave his hand, saying, ‘Come with me to my cabinet!’”

“Excellent, very excellent!” said the king, ‘I was not aware of that anecdote. I find it amusing and instructive. Would that we knew the conversation that passed between the king and Ziethen in the cabinet!’

“Thus conversing, the king had got back to the palace, and as we were standing on the upper terrace, the court marshal approached, asking his majesty ‘If the supper should be served?’ The king, punctual in all things, took out his watch, saying, ‘In ten minutes.’ As I was about to take leave, he said, ‘I thank you; you have occasioned me an agreeable evening—you may as well stop supper!’—I excused myself, as having only a common upper coat on. The king rejoined smilingly, ‘I know very well that you’ve got a dollar and a

dress-coat; you are the same person in either. I want *you*, not your coat; so go in!"

Having cited this remarkable conversation, we now return to the immediate subject of Dr. Eylert's narrative. He describes the personal appearance and habits of his royal master as follows:

"Nature had given to Frederick William III. a prepossessing and imposing exterior—so much so, that a stranger walking in the Potsdam Park, struck by the personal appearance of one in simple attire—wearing no insignia of rank, and unattended—felt irresistibly moved to raise his hat and bow as he passed;—not knowing until afterwards, that that *one* was the king. It is related that the same has often happened in distant countries, where he had chosen to assume the strictest incognito. He was much above the common height, and his limbs were finely proportioned. His bearing was erect and military—at the same time wholly unconstrained—and gracefully agreeing with his stature. His look, which partook of the serious and tranquil, was agreeable. His high forehead and unwrinkled brow indicated purity of mind—his full underlip firmness—and around his mouth hovered a mixture of good nature and natural satire. His eyes were dark-blue—full of animation and kindness—generally contemplative, yet indicating at times deep thought and experienced sorrow. His countenance was stern, intellectual, reposed—never vacant, or as if moved by suspicion—but open, shrewd, and truthful. When he chose to express satisfaction by a smile, benevolence marked his aspect: what might be termed condescension, was in him graciousness of mind, for his eye beamed with good-will to all mankind.

"The king loved simplicity, even in respect of his own attire. He was pleased when he could be a man amongst mankind—then was he serene and buoyant, unconstrained and at ease."

"His desire for the simple and unornamental, was equally observable in his choice of residences, and manner of using them. When he succeeded to the crown, he did not inhabit the extensive Berlin Château of his forefathers, but remained in the small, yet comfortable palace he used when crown-prince—the same in which he died.

"He spent the greater part of the day, particularly the forenoon, in his cabinet, where all was orderly, elegant, yet void of ornament. Potsdam was his favorite place of residence, and his abode there was the third story of the palace. The furniture in his study consisted of a high desk, at which he wrote standing—a bookcase full of the German classics—a corner cupboard—a common sofa—a small looking-glass, and several cane-bottomed chairs:—on the walls hung ancient and modern representations of the Prussian army, and a copper-plate print of Christ Blessing the Children.

"His bed-room, which was remote from noise, was rather dark, and without decorations; containing only the usual washing apparatus—a simple camp-bedstead, such as every officer has—a cloak-horse—and a bootjack. His bed was a hard mattress and light covering; and on the small table by his bedside lay, together with a translation of Thomas à Kempis, various works of serious character. By his firm regularity, and simple living, he preserved to advanced age his robust health;—everything was done by clock-work throughout the day, and he was best pleased

when nothing occurred to disturb this uniformity. He was moderate in everything, particularly in respect of table enjoyments. His example checked immoderation, and never was seen at court, even on the greatest festival, an inebriated man. When the court martial, on the king's return to Berlin in 1809, after the unfortunate war of 1806, asked 'whether he should order a quantity of champagne?' the answer was, 'Not yet!—not before all my subjects—even the poorest—can afford to drink beer again.' He expressed himself well pleased when a fisherman, gardener, or any of the neighboring country people, sent him cakes or other table fare. Of such presents he always partook; and when the surveyor of the kitchen named the giver, he would say, 'Very agreeable to me; must make amends; put me in mind thereof!' and the presenter was sure of receiving a return-present.

"What the king saved of luxurious expenditure was dispensed for general purposes; and never were the poor and miserable forgotten—for daily, and in all directions, flowed his noiseless benevolence. If Prussia, subsequent to those misfortunes that brought her to the verge of national annihilation, has, to the astonishment of the world, recovered her greatness so quickly in a financial, moral, and physical point of view, enjoying again extensive credit; such immeasurable good fortune may in a great degree be attributed to the virtuous singleness of mind and frugality of Frederick William III. His moral maxims were the rule and guide of himself and family, and he made them to flow into and through all branches of the administration. As our never-to-be-forgotten king was a pattern of domestic life, so was he the firm, unbending, yet mildly virtuous father of his people. The following significant anecdote relative to his early moderation was told me by his confidential servant, Wolter, who was a truly estimable man. 'When the king was a boy of ten years, and I had the duty of waiting on him, a fruiterer's lad in the middle of winter made his appearance at his highness' apartments with a small basket of ripe hot-house cherries. The young prince was delighted at sight of them, and wished to become a purchaser of the rarities; but being informed that the price was five dollars, he said, "What! five dollars for a handful of cherries?"—and unhesitatingly turning from them, added, "I ought not, neither do I desire to have them!" Almost immediately afterwards a shoemaker of Potsdam was announced, and I informed the prince that the poor fellow had been long ill of a nervous-fever—that he was in sad plight, and that his trade, in consequence of sickness and exhausted funds, had dwindled to nothing—that he was in want of leather to begin the world again, which would cost twenty dollars—that not having a stiver, he in his necessities had come to petition his royal highness graciously to give him that sum. "How much have I got?" said the prince, with compassionate emotion. On my informing him fifty dollars, he instantaneously commanded me to give the poor man the desired twenty dollars in his name, with the wish that they might prove fortunate to him. The artisan received the boon and good wish with overwhelming joy and gratitude, and expressed a desire to be permitted personally to thank his royal highness. This the prince refused in these words: "It is not necessary; 't would only embarrass the poor fellow."

"In tracing the king's INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES,

the first and most prominent, and that forming the ground-work of the whole, was natural and healthy good common sense. He was never led away by sanguine hopes, but ever remained moderate in his expectations; having learnt the important and difficult virtue of 'being able to wait.' His judgment for that reason was always sound and striking, being not only the product of his understanding, but his pure tact—not only of his clear head, but of his noble and feeling heart. Thence originated, without surmising it himself, his calm preponderance, not only in every-day circumstances, but also in council with his ministers—such men as Hardenburgh, Stein, and Humboldt: not that he undervalued their perhaps superior sagacity and learning, for he had chosen their excellencies to be of his privy council because of such qualities: but it manifested itself when, after long debate, opposition, and individual tenacity, they had brought themselves and the matter under consideration to a 'fix';—then the fast and complicated knot was generally loosed by the simple and sound views of the king. Such has often happened on most important political matters—namely, in 1812, when the Emperor Napoleon prepared for, and entered on, his gigantic invasion of Russia. The king was thereby placed in the most painful and frightful position—for he was forced, through the untowardness of events and circumstances, to furnish a large portion of his troops to that powerful man—then at the culminating point of his greatness;—to assist *him*—his deadly enemy—he who had brought misfortune on himself, country, and people—to carry on war against his friend the Emperor Alexander. Shrinking from the hideousness of such a state of things—all his confidential counsellors, foreboding the worst, were of opinion, that with Napoleon (for he had distinctly shown his hatred of Prussia—and of the king personally, so lately as during his stay at Dresden) there should be no more negotiating. Therefore was it recommended by them that all tergiversatory measures should be abandoned, and the decided step taken;—namely, to risk the sacrifice of everything for the moment, and firmly coalesce with Russia against France. This view of the matter, respective of the then political circumstances, had much for it; and the most sagacious diplomatists were of that opinion. Not so the king; he was decidedly against such line of policy—for an inward presentiment made it impossible for him to acquiesce. 'Who,' said he, 'will guarantee to us that if I, not being strong enough to oppose, draw on me the French army—and be forced to fall back beyond the Prussian borders to unite with Russia, sacrificing thereby everything—who, I say, will guarantee to us that the French Emperor does not change his whole plan, drop the intended war against Russia—and then, in right of conqueror, deprive me of the remaining half of my country? No; in such great worldly occurrences, we must not presumptuously anticipate Providence, but await the beckon; I see it not yet. According to my view of the matter, only two results can occur: if the French Emperor succeeds this time—then, inasmuch as I shall have fulfilled his wish in giving the demanded troops-in-aid—he cannot take from me that I have; if on the contrary he miscarry—which I ardently hope—then will the *future* teach what is to be done.' How, through the wonderful assistance of the elements, the king's judgment and patience were justified—the destruction of the overwhelming French army on the

northern ice-plains, the world hath witnessed with joyous astonishment. The vigorous-minded minister, von Stein, passed this ingenuous judgment on him: 'The king is more penetrating, prudent and judicious, than any of us, without being aware of it—even as the *truly* good man is unconscious of being good.'

"The king loved proverbs; particularly those of our nation. He was very apt at pithy answers, and he never had to ponder long. When the organization of the Landwehr took place, preparatory to the great struggle for freedom, the authorities had proposed that the caps should bear the energetic motto, 'Weaponless, Honorless!' On one being submitted to the king for approbation, he tersely replied:—'The sentence is too sweeping—says too much, and is unjust: there are many worthy and brave men, owing to their age, calling, sickness, family circumstances, &c., will be prevented from carrying a musket, and taking a direct and active part in the conflict—who, remaining at home, will, through their influence, benefit the good cause in manifold ways: such may not be stigmatized as "honorless." No, no, the motto shall be, "With God, for King and Country."'

"I have heard him speak uninterruptedly in conference on church affairs for twenty to thirty minutes, with conclusiveness and eloquence, so that that which he purposed and desired, was expressed in a most clear and connected manner.

"A lively sally, to which he refrained giving expression, was often discernible in his countenance; for he never uttered a conceit that was likely to wound the hearer. In confidential and intimate circles, namely, at table, he was unreserved; and when a witty comparison or innocent thought struck him, he freely gave it vent.

"Be it permitted to record one of the king's pleasantries relative to myself. I had preached before the king from Luke xiv. 8—11: 'When thou art invited,' &c. Led by the text, I expatiated on the virtue of diffidence and humility—recommending them as safe preservers of our happiness. Being that day invited to dine at the royal table in company of many high in office, I hung back, and having entered the banquetting-room last, took my place at the lower end of the table. The king surveying his guests, called to me, 'Eylert, you are probably applying to-day's text! But it also says, "Friend, go higher!"—Come, take the chair opposite to me.' The undeserved and unexpected honour nevertheless embarrassed me. Such joyous temperament, however, was the exception, not the rule, for his equanimity and dignified earnestness hardly admitted of joking.

"His MEMORY was retentive—a gift most important to a ruler;—everything he read, saw and heard, took full hold, if worthy his attention; even figures and names were at his command, when in connexion with any circumstance or person that had interested him. It appears hardly credible, nevertheless it is strictly true, that he knew the greater portion of his guards—generally greeting those on duty at the palace by name, when he passed them;—such recognition from the king's lips was highly estimated by the brave men. In 1810, being at Potsdam, he was standing at the window—his usual custom after dinner—and beside him the then Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Guards, Von Kessel; looking towards the road he remarked hard-by a poorly-clad man, who, with uncovered head, was staring up at the window,

holding at the same time a letter in his uplifted hand. 'I know that man,' said the king; 'he has a peculiar face; his name is Arnold Schultz, and was one of the Magdeburg garrison. He served under me when crown prince, in the campaign against France, in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence.' Colonel von Kessel remarked, 'Is your majesty quite sure!—from 1792 to 1810, are eighteen years, almost too long to remember such-like occurrences.' 'I'll convince you,' said the king, ordering one of his adjutants to show the man up. As he entered, the king said, 'What's thy name, my son?'—'Arnold Schultz.' 'You were a soldier?'—'Yes, belonging to the Magdeburg garrison; marched against the French in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence. Your majesty, then crown prince, was very kind to me—had me taken to the next Lazaret—gave me money—and ordered that I should be taken good care of.' 'What, then, has brought thee to Potsdam?' 'Alas! I'm badly off now. The French in Magdeburg, because I won't leave off feeling that I'm a Prussian, have dismissed me from my post of gate-keeper. I have no bread for wife and children—therefore am I come to Potsdam, to beg of my rightful and gracious master a little help.' 'And thou shalt have it, old man,' said the king—ordering, at the same time, that he should immediately receive nutriment in the palace kitchen, be clothed from head to foot, and have money and support until he was appointed to some post."

The king had an abhorrence of the metaphysical philosophy of the German schools. In his early days he had studied Kants' system; but when Kants' was set aside by Fichte's, and Fichte's by Schelling's, and Schelling's by Hegel, he lost all desire to thread the labyrinthian march of intellect any farther in that direction; and, indeed, he found the business of life too pressing for such abstract pursuits. But what he most deplored was, that these studies were perverted to sceptical and anti-Christian purposes; and he was much distressed when he learned that Hegel, whom he esteemed personally, in using scriptural expressions gave to them a meaning different to the obvious sense of Holy Writ, and he lost all confidence in the adaptation of philosophy to divine matters; or, as it is called, rationalizing the Bible. His opinions and influence greatly checked the progress of the Neologian system.

There was in Frederick great simplicity of mind; a love of reality; a deep reverence for truth, and an abhorrence of flattery; though he was pleased when his actions were justly judged of, and the purity of his intentions appreciated. It was a great offence to panegyricize him in the pulpit. The following incidents illustrate these parts of his character.

"A reigning Grand Duke standing beside the king at a window in the old palace, which looks towards the museum, remarked: 'Berlin has only become splendid under your majesty!' The expression, as being an historical fact, contained no flattery, it nevertheless discomposed the king's temper, who answered in simple and pretensionless manner, 'Circumstances have favored me; under the same, my predecessors would have done more:'—turning the conversation to another subject.

"On occasion of the triumphal entry into Paris, at the head of his brave and victorious army, which was the most glorious and splendid moment of his life—and later, his return entry into Berlin be-

tween two emperors, surrounded by his huzzinga people; no mark of self-conceit, vanity, or egotism, was depicted on his face. When anything was said or done that would attribute the happy result to his wisdom and guidance, would he say, 'Not us! not us; to God alone be the honor.'

"Journeying through Silesia, the clergymen of a town he stopped at, were presented to him; it being Saturday, the senior expressed a hope that the king would attend public worship the next day; 'With pleasure,' said the king, 'provided you do not from the pulpit—which should be the holy place of eternal truth—breathe anything complimentary, or relative of myself.'

"Visiting a town which shall be nameless—the superintendent read an inflated address: the king however suffered him not to finish, by turning displeased away, and saying to his adjutant, Colonel von Witzleben, 'That's not to be endured: the man is mouthing untruths!' Thereon, the king desired to have a list of the persons invited to meet him at dinner; and drew with his own hand the pen across the superintendent's name.

"A talented young clergyman, who had the gift of oratory, was recommended by the proper authorities to fill the office of chaplain to a division of the guards. The king desired he should preach his probationary sermon in the court and garrison church in Potsdam, purposing to be present. The candidate spoke eloquently on heroism; as however, in due course of winding up, he proceeded to apply what he had said, to the king and the Prussian army in unmeasured terms of praise; the king, who was otherwise noted for sitting still and paying undivided and devotional attentions, became uneasy, stood up, and surveyed the church. Afterwards he expressed to me his displeasure, thus, 'That ecclesiastic has never made the Bible his study—at least he has not possessed himself of its spirit; otherwise he would have known that the Divine Word compliments not human beings. A clergyman who would make my soldiers self-sufficient—and thereby drowsy—is of no use.'

"When the king and family returned from Königsberg, he celebrated the Good Friday of 1810 by taking, for the first time after three melancholy years of absence, the Lord's Supper with his parishioners in the Potsdam church.

"The pious reunion of our country's king with his neighbors in a holy place, so filled all hearts with gladness, that I thought it right to utter a few words relating to past circumstances and the king's presence, in the most delicate manner possible. But even that displeased him. 'I thank you,' said he, 'for your sermon; nevertheless I was annoyed to hear my name mentioned with praise when expounding the Divine Word.'

"Even in short addresses, on occasions of family festivals, such as betrothments, christenings, and also at the coronation and order festival, he forbade all personal allusions, and thereby confined the speaker's oratory—for exactly on such opportunities, delicate references to character and circumstance occasion the chief interest. I therefore made bold to observe, 'that that festival, in its intentions, was a royal festival; and that the reigning king, in his own person, was its centre and soul. If, therefore, one were not allowed to touch on past and present circumstances, connexions, and necessities of the times, wherein the whole point of such addresses lay, then would they lose all interest, by creating no sensation.' 'That must you,' said the king, 'as orator, having such diffi-

cult speeches to deliver, know best. But when you would make *points*, I must request that you will not especially and personally point at me; then amiably smiling, 'if you must interweave some praises—do pray be merciful with them.'"

The following are miscellaneous items relative to his opinions, principles, and conduct. We cannot reduce them to distinct heads.

"In matters of every-day life he was condescendingly tractable; but when privy councillors and ministers in important affairs proceeded on principles opposed to his own, they could make nothing of him: of which many examples might be offered. 'Fear God; act justly; shy no man; right must ever remain right, and at last be topmost;' were the keen and sententious expressions we have often heard him use when weighty matters were under discussion. To sanction anything that was contrary to his conviction, he called a sin which can never be forgiven.

"Popular he was in the noblest and fullest sense, if under that word is meant feelings of honor and reverence, entertained by all classes towards the sovereign. Nevertheless, through his apparently morose earnestness, natural taciturnity, abruptness, and off-hand despatch, he was thought unpopular by those who saw him once and no more—an opinion often entertained and rashly promulgated. Taught by long experience of mankind, that the generality, when seeking their own advantage, are feigning and importunate, he was in most cases unapproachable to personal and *vivâ voce* representations, and seldom granted those with supplications a private audience. He did not like petitions to be presented to him in the street, and therefore refused to accept them, saying, 'You know where I live!'

"On occasion of the king's return from St. Petersburg in 1818, he found the road in the near approach to Elbing crowded with people, who intended to take the horses from his carriage, and draw him with huzzas in the town. His adjutant, General von Witzleben, who had preceded him, knowing that such servile demonstrations of homage would displease the king, exerted himself to prevent the well-meaning people from such like display of loyalty, but in vain; they maintained it to be proper and suited to their feelings. When the king arrived, and was received by loud shouts, he thanked them most cordially. But when they began to unhook his horses, and saw the folk ready to draw his carriage, the king forbade them in these words, 'It is beneath the dignity of man to do services which belong to the beast; my love for my subjects is too great to accept of such debasement.' But these mild words did but animate and strengthen the masses in their purpose. The king now saw in their perseverance, disobedience, and became vehement—commanding that those who resisted orders should be forthwith taken into custody. Several were arrested, and the West Prussian authorities put the matter in train before the criminal court; but it was quashed by the king's word of mouth, who took that opportunity to make known, that he never would accept of demonstrations of attachment, in which respect for the dignity of man was wounded.

"Still more displeased was he when passing through another town (Cologne.) He was returning from Paris, *incognito*, and without attendants:—immediately on his arrival, he proceeded on foot, in his grey upper-coat, to the celebrated cathedral. In the mean time the news of his arrival had got

spread amongst the people, and the town was in movement. Crowds traced him to the church, and in unison with their feelings, gave the king, who was earnestly contemplating the beautiful edifice, a jubilating three times three. This display of homage, in a highly sacred place, vexed the king, and he loudly reprimanded them.

"His sympathy for the misfortunes of others was so lively, as to be, on all occasions, strongly depicted on his face;—if such met his eye, he did not pass on to avoid unpleasant sensations, but instituted careful inquiry into all the circumstances, also as to the manner in which help, that was sure to follow, could be best administered. Having severely suffered himself, he poignantly felt for the guiltless sufferings of others, and delicately relieved. Most reluctantly, and after much mental conflict, did he sign a death-warrant; and the privy counsellor Albrecht informed me that it was always done with a trembling hand; moreover, he would remain for some time afterwards silent and contemplative. He generally mitigated the sentence of death to imprisonment; and when, owing to the weight of the crime, such was inevitable, he nevertheless required another report from the criminal judge, at the same time expressing a wish that some circumstances in extenuation might be discovered. Was such impossible, he put the matter from him, until he was repeatedly reminded thereof. He had one word for all subjects that pressed heavily on his soul, namely, 'horrible,' and it was uttered in a tone of anguish.

"This tenderness extended to men and things; and, in his long reign of forty-three years, it often came into practice. The world is partially informed thereof, but the extent has never been made public.

"Myself, through many years, even to the end of his life, was constantly the instrument of his benevolences. He gave me permission to name the diffident house-poor of the town and my parish—and I forthwith received from himself or private chamberlain Wolter, later Timm, invariably more than requested. Often have I been the bearer of his gifts—carrying in his name help and comfort to the dwellings of poverty and secret sufferings. It was no agreeable affair when, at the request of the sick or dying, I had promised to thank the king for the received kindnesses—because of the difficulty of enunciating their gratitude in such short and simple manner as to be agreeable to him. The impoverished widow, of a major in the army whom he had much valued, was for many years the object of his benevolent care. When about to die, she communicated to me several commissions to the king, and I was forced to give her my hand as pledge that I would bear her grateful thanks to his majesty for the kindnesses which she had unintermittingly received. After I had fulfilled my promise in a few simple words, he said, half turned away, 'It is unpleasant to me to hear these things mentioned. The trifling good that may be in such matters is lost through much talk. You know the beautiful saying, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth!"' He then left me, evidently excited, at the same time passing his hand over his eyes to conceal emotion."

"Often, when about to be sent on such gracious errands, I have heard him say, 'God has helped me; shall I not, with the powers which have been entrusted to me, render help?' In such spirit he thought and did. Walking along

Potsdam High Street with a single adjutant, the latter would spring forward to disperse a swarm of joyous boys who were playing at top on the broad smooth flagstones, thereby blocking up the king's path; but the king caught the adjutant by the arm, saying as he stepped into the carriage-way, 'Have you never played at top!—Such happy children must not be unnecessarily disturbed, and thereby grieved. Our youthful days are few!'

"His majesty, in officer's undress uniform void of star, whilst walking in Potsdam accompanied by one of his daughters, was followed by a poor boy who knew him not, and who had run beside them for some time with a basket containing neat little purses, which ever and anon he presented; begging hard that he would buy one. The supposed subaltern officer repulsed the child—who however continued to press a purchase. 'Ah, Mr. Lieutenant, do buy *one* purse of me; it only costs six groschen;—if you don't want one for yourself, you can make a present to the handsome lady who has hold of your arm!' Again repulsed, the little fellow, sighing from the bottom of his heart, muttered, 'Well! we shan't have any dinner to-day.' The king halted, and took from the urchin's basket *six purses*, putting at the same time a double Frederick-d'or into the child's hand. The lad eyed the piece of gold, and said, 'Kind Mr. Lieutenant! pay me rather in groschen, for I've no money, and can't give you change.' Touched by the simple honesty of the child, who with innocent and open countenance looked up to him, he inquired his name and condition of the family, and was answered: that his mother was a corporal's widow, with six children—that she lived in a garret at No. — in — street, gaining a scanty livelihood by knitting money-purses. 'Then go along home,' said the supposed lieutenant, 'and take the piece of money to your mother;—I make her a present of it.' Made fortunate by the gift, the poor family were about to partake of a frugal, though more ample meal than usual; when, to their astonishment, one of the king's adjutants entered the cleanly apartment, explained the mystery, and discovered that the boy had spoken the truth in all he told his majesty—all which being confirmed by inquiries made in other quarters, the king had the younger children placed in the orphan-house, and granted the widow a yearly pension of 100 dollars. The king's life was full of such traits of mildness and humanity.

"Generally speaking, all who participated in the king's esteem and confidence, clung to him with unbounded devotion; none, even intimates after many years' intercourse, ever committed an obtrusive familiarity: and his trusty servants who felt themselves free in his presence, were, by the calm power of his sombre-mildness and strict morality, kept, as if instinctively, within their respective limits.

"General von Köckeritz, who belonged to my parish, and with whom I was on intimate terms, has often told me, that during his many years of confidential intercourse with the king, he had never seen or heard an action or word that could for a moment lessen the profound and respectful esteem he had for him."

It is not often that the public is favored with so interesting a series of graphic notices of a crowned head. We have quoted largely; but there are a

few more which we had marked as not to be passed by, and which we reserve to a future number.

And here we must reluctantly add that we cannot reconcile the conduct of the late king in omitting to give his people a constitution, with that frank truthfulness of character which Dr. Eylert regards as his characteristic virtue. For assuredly at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, flattering hopes were held out to them that they should be favored with a representative government; and the year after, the king published a declaration that they should have a Parliament, the powers of which should extend to the whole code of legislation, including taxation, which then was, and still is, at the arbitrary disposal of the sovereign. This pledge has not yet been fulfilled. It may be that the king was so much alarmed by the direful spread of revolutionary and disorganizing principles throughout Europe, that he stood aghast at his own promise. He might judge that he consulted the true welfare of his subjects, as well as the safety of his crown, in waiting for a more auspicious season for fulfilling the pledges which he had given at the first outburst of joy after the peace, and when it was necessary to adjust the long-disordered relations of Europe; or

"Ease might recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void;"

but so it was that he never acted out his good intentions. We believe that it would have been the wisest policy to have carried out throughout Europe the liberal intentions expressed by the Allied Powers at the general pacification; when the necessity was keenly felt of preventing any longing lingering wish for the return of the Bonaparte system, by giving to the people constitutional governments, after the model, so far as circumstances might allow, of our own happy land. Had the Holy Alliance wisely followed out this system, instead of either refusing to bestow representative institutions, or where they had from necessity been granted, as in France, trying to render them a mockery and to bring back the reign of absolutism, as did Charles the Tenth, the outbreak of revolutions in 1830 might have been spared, and Prussia, Austria, Italy, and other countries, would not at this moment be resting on a volcano, which needs but a single spark to cause widely-spread concussion and devastation.

There are various other particulars in Dr. Eylert's narrative upon which we might comment; as for instance the wisdom and judicious foresight which he attributes to the king in yielding to the demands of Bonaparte when his advisers urged him to unite with Russia to oppose the common enemy. We are far from saying that, patriotically regarding the people committed to him, he did not act discreetly; nor can any man decide what would have been the result, had he acted otherwise; but the impression in England at the time was that his policy in this matter was neither wise nor noble; and that he ought from the first to have united with Russia in making common cause against the common enemy, and that had he done so, Napoleon would have been checked, and many years of warfare been prevented. We believe, however, that he acted according to the dictates of his conscience, upon the fullest consideration of all the circumstances.

From the Athenæum.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

WE had intended, at the close of our Report, to have offered a few words of comment on the annual onslaught in which the Times is accustomed to indulge, on science and the association—but under circumstances, it appears to us better, though contrary to our custom, to publish at length the speech of the Dean of Westminster, when moving the vote of thanks to Mr. Murchison for the Lecture on the Geology of Russia, delivered on the 30th of June—as, to some extent, anticipating the line of argument which we must have used, and as such an argument comes most appropriately from within the body of the association itself.—*Athenæum*.

The Dean of Westminster said, that it was not for him to attempt to eulogize the scientific merits of the address they had just heard. He should be followed by one better able, by deep acquaintance with the subject, to give utterance to such opinions. He might, however, be permitted to say, that it appeared to him that Mr. Murchison had, like the old soldier he described himself to be, taken a rapid military glance over this wide extent of country, and caught with singular felicity its great and leading features. But in another view, all this was no military achievement. He had not, with purposes, necessarily it might be, hostile, surveyed that distant land, to discover its weak places for assault, to see where fire and sword and desolation could most easily be carried into the recesses of its national life: he had gone as a stranger, but as a friend, to tell the czar what were the riches of his vast dominions; to explain to the inhabitants of Russia how they could best turn to full account the natural blessings which a gracious Providence had stored around them. And this seemed to him (the Dean of Westminster) to be closely connected with one especial feature of this association: nothing in it had been pleasanter to him, and, he doubted not, to those around, than the sight of so many foreigners from every nation, gathered at this friendly meeting; they seemed to be deputies from all the civilized world. And he was well convinced that there was great usefulness in this: the more the ties which bind society together are thus multiplied and interlaced the better. The more men come to understand one another, the harder it is to divide and to imbitter them; and this, on the smaller scale at home, as well as on the larger scale with foreigners and strangers, was the work of this association. Its very character was, for this purpose, migratory, that it might be the means of bringing together the lovers of science in all the different centres of our widely-scattered provincial life. In doing this, moreover, it achieved another good; for it thus tended to foster and nourish up many a scattered seed of philosophy which, but for its care would certainly have perished. Many, who, from poverty, or want of acquaintance with the scientific, hardly dared to aspire to the cultivation of the science which they loved, were thus found out at their homes by somebody, had their tastes confirmed, their views enlarged, and their love of science fixed: as they heard the words and saw the sights which were now around them, and came to know the faces of these eminent philosophers, their hearts kindled within them, and throbbed with the secret consciousness that "I too am a lover and follower of Nature." And believing that these good results did follow from the existence of this association,

he (the Dean of Westminster) was ready to welcome it to his own neighborhood, although he was not ignorant of the reproaches to which it had been subjected. He need not say that, if he believed those reproaches, it would receive no welcome from him. He, with all (as he trusted) whom he saw before him, would rather far be ignorant utterly of every scientific fact or principle, than have the simplicity of his faith in that which was dearer far than life itself, assailed or shaken. But he denied the truth of those reproaches; here, happily, they had not been put forward. He, indeed, must be a rash man who should dare to whisper, here, at Cambridge, that there was any hostility or opposition between Science and Religion. Here, where the mighty Newton walked, reasoned, and discovered; here where he "*qui ingenio genus humanum superavit*," yet bowed himself as a meek believer before the Lord his God: here at least such aspersions, we might trust, would not be heard. But vented they had been elsewhere; and they therefore deserved a passing word. Of those, then, who argued thus, if, indeed, they did so in a real and honest, though mistaken, fear that the truths of religion might suffer by these inquiries, he would speak with the utmost tenderness. Feelings such as these, where they did really exist, were so closely allied to all that was sacred, that they should receive no harsh or scornful word from him. But whilst he was thus tender to the men, he was bound to deal fairly with their argument—and this he must contend was utterly futile. Instead of such sensitive fear, lest this or that discovery might seem to contradict revelation, being a mark of faith, he would contend that it was a mark of the want of faith. True faith would say, "These are God's two voices; both *must* be true." He who had a secret lurking suspicion that possibly, at last, revelation was not certainly true, he might tremble when he heard of this or that discovery, and shrink from the leading of science lest it should shake his faith: and thus, therefore, would he (the Dean of Westminster) deal with such honest fears; he would not admit them to be the marks of a strong faith, but he would treat tenderly, as weak believers, those whom they assailed, and he would endeavor to show to these, their victims, how unreal they, in truth, were. For most unreal they are. There is no opposition between Science and Religion. Rather, he would contend, was Science the offspring of Christianity. Christianity had developed within man the powers he needed, to pursue science truly. Christianity, and that only, had given to man the patience, humility and courage which could make him truly a philosopher. Only the Christian man could look Nature calmly in the face, and reverently and yet boldly compel her to disclose to him her secret laws. The unbeliever might look at nature as a compound of conflicting powers, bent on, capriciously, or with a deeper malice, vexing and tormenting him: or, with the sneer of the cynic on his face, he might resolve all into a purposeless, lawless chance: but he only who knows of a Designer can trace out the design; he only who has the interpretation given him by Revelation can trace, in the marred, altered, disfigured works around him, the true and all-pervading laws of the one supreme and universal Cause. And if, as he (the Dean of Westminster) admitted, there was a temptation to unbelief which, in one way, beset such studies, still this was no argument against their use; it did but show that, like all other high and noble things,

they might be abused as well as used. But the unbeliever who called himself a philosopher was an unbeliever not because, but in spite, of his philosophy. Just so far as he was truly a philosopher—a simple, humble follower of facts, a tracer of God's book of works—just so far was he in the right temper of mind to be a believer and a tracer of God's other book of Revelation.

No! there was no opposition between true Science and Revelation. This fear was nothing more than the unreal phantom which, in former and darker times, had led men to try to put down all knowledge of nature, lest it should at any time deny their own traditions, which they fondly put instead of Revelation. It was the very same fear as that which had troubled the life, and embittered the end, of Copernicus and Galileo. Instead of yielding to it, let them, under the wise restraints on theorizing laid down for them the other night by Sir J. Herschel, pursue calmly, humbly, and patiently their researches into nature. Let them feel here, that He who made the light to be, and fashioned the eye to receive it, did mean that it should receive it; and that, in like manner, He who framed the mind of man with its capacity for observation, and its deep longing to reduce all around him to some orderly arrangement and directing laws, and who stored the earth beneath him and the heavens above him with the fit materials for observation and inquiry, did really intend that man should search them out, and read in all these revelations, and discover in these laws, the marks and evidence of His directing hand, who planned, created, and sustains them.

PUNCH IN CHANCERY!—July 26. *Bradbury and Evans v. Johnson and Owen*.—Mr. Bethell said he had a special application to make on behalf of a most distinguished personage who had amused his Honor in youth and now amused him in mature age; he applied to the court for the protection of "Punch" (a laugh) against the robberies that had been committed upon him. The court was aware that "Punch" had said he would gibbet his offenders, and that, accordingly, some of their plebeian countenances had been handed down to posterity in the pages of "Punch," like flies in amber. (Laughter.) Finding them, however, insensible to shame, it became necessary to protect the interests of "Punch" by weapons better suited to such offenders. Every work of merit gave rise to base imitation, and like all distinguished authors, from Homer downwards, "Punch" had been pirated. But so long as they confined themselves to base imitations, "Punch" said, smiling, with Horace:—

"O imitatores, servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movêre tumultus!"

(laughter,) and dismissed them with contempt. Everybody could distinguish the real gold from the base metal. But now was "Punch" assailed with the most barefaced plundering. Word for word were articles transferred from his pages without even the politeness of acknowledgment. The court was aware, that to the gallery of English characters "Punch" had added two that would be handed down to posterity as long as wedded life should subsist. He alluded to the renowned Mr. and Mrs. Caudle. (Laughter.) Now, the most entertaining, instructive, and profitable lectures of Mrs. Caudle had been clipped by the shears of those persons who made melodramas for the stage, and they had also adorned, with due acknowledg-

ment, the pages of almost every publication of the day. Some publishers, however, had lately become so hardened as to transfer to their columns Mrs. Caudle's lectures just as they were published, without the courtesy of any acknowledgment whatever. Of these was a newspaper called the "Hereford Times," whose publisher on the 19th of July had copied verbatim the eighth lecture of Mrs. Caudle, which his Honor well recollected, (a laugh,) the subject being the recent admission of Mr. Caudle to the masonic body, when Mrs. Caudle was indignant and curious. The ninth lecture, which was delivered on the occasion of Mr. Caudle's visit to Greenwich fair, was also transferred in the same manner into that newspaper; so that the people of Hereford were led to believe that the plebeian editor was the author of the inimitable composition. It had not rested here; for, as we all loved to see some sort of resemblance of the personages by whom we had been charmed, the features of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle had been handed down to posterity by "Punch" himself, in portraits which were designed to convey to those who were sufficiently imaginative the lineaments of those celebrated characters. There, sir, (said the learned counsel, handing a copy of the well-known portraits to his Honor amid universal laughter,) are Mr. and Mrs. Caudle precisely in the situation in which these admirable lectures were delivered. Your Honor will mark well the features of Mrs. Caudle, and read every lecture in the wrinkles of her countenance, and the caustic expression of the nose. (Laughter.) And there, sir, is the base imitation, as unlike the original as brass to gold.

(The copy was handed up for his Honor's inspection.) The court was aware that the world was indebted to the recollection of Mr. Caudle for the lectures which had been delivered by his dear departed wife; but were Mrs. Caudle herself still alive, and saw that base caricature of her countenance, the court might imagine the matrimonial agonies Mr. Caudle would draw upon himself if he did not inflict summary vengeance on those miscreants who had thus disfigured her. (A laugh.) It was upon these grounds the present injunctions were moved for, to restrain the publication of the lectures, and to prevent these base imitations being given to the world any longer. His Honor knew that the fame of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle was universal. In every kind of shop these imitations were to be seen. When you retired to a watering-place, you found them adorning the letter-paper sent to you from the library; and if a shopkeeper hoped for any success in his trade he left his card with Mr. and Mrs. Caudle. "Punch" had, however, resolved these robberies should continue no longer. The affidavits set forth that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans were the publishers of what they modestly denominated a humorous publication, although without doubt his Honor would be disposed to assign a far more honorable title to "Punch." The first persons against whom an injunction was asked were Messrs. Owen and another; the next, selected by way of a scarecrow to frighten away the rest, was the publisher of the "Southport Visitor."

The vice-chancellor said, the piracies were so manifest that the injunctions were a matter of course. He thought, however, they could not be granted to extend to future offences, as the motion was framed.

Mr. Bethell said the orders would only be asked to protect the past publications of "Punch."

In this form the injunctions were issued.

From Chambers' Journal.

NEW FACTS RESPECTING MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A RUSSIAN noble, Prince Labanoff, has devoted fourteen years to the collection of documents respecting Mary Queen of Scots, including her own letters, and the communications of her ambassadors, and the result of his labors has just appeared in seven goodly octavos. The degree of originality pertaining to this publication may be partly estimated from the fact, that it presents four hundred of the queen's own letters, hitherto unknown to the public. The most remarkable feature of the work is its tendency to clear Mary's name of much of the reproach that has hitherto rested upon it, and to add to the likelihood which formerly an acute, and at the same time impartial person, might have apprehended, that the common view of this lady's character is in a great measure a piece of party fiction. We propose here to run over a few of the new matters which combine in Prince Labanoff's collection to this effect, not with any design to consider the question critically, which indeed in our short space would be a vain attempt, but merely to help a little towards the gratification of the public curiosity on a point which will be adverted to in many quarters where the perusal of the entire book is unattainable.

What appears most broadly and strikingly in this collection is, the zeal and firmness of Mary in her religion. From first to last—as the queen of two states, and as a hopeless captive in a foreign land—she maintains but one tone as a sincere Catholic, ready alike to use power when she has it, and when she has not, to sacrifice her life, for the restoration of that form of faith in her own country and in England. It appears that, at the close of her life, having no hope of her son siding with the Catholic party, and having been heartlessly deserted by him, she bequeathed all her interest in the English succession to Philip II. of Spain; an impotent act, of course, but showing will. Seeing this determination of her mind, and remembering the atrocious acts done in those days for the objects cherished by her—and by none were more wicked deeds done than by her own uncles of the house of Guise—we are not to wonder that she should have so little friendship from the partisans of the opposite faith, or that men of their stamp in such an age should have been governed by no nice scruples in their conduct towards her. It is not our part, however, to regard the motives or objects of parties: we are called on solely to consider their acts, to ascertain what these truly were, and to judge of them according to the abiding and universal rules of justice.

The more controverted part of Mary's life commences with her marriage to Lord Darnley in 1565. It now clearly appears that she was led to marriage at this time against her will, and as a measure of political expediency; and that she chose Darnley from no personal preference, no romantic attachment, as has been thought, but because he was a Stuart, next to herself in the English succession, and, as a Catholic, agreeable to that section of her subjects which she was most anxious to gratify. One powerful consideration in this marriage was its enabling her to bear her part against the machinations of her natural brother, the Earl of Murray, whose ambition it was to be in one shape or another the actual ruler of Scotland. The marriage was disappointing to Murray and to Eliza-

beth; and the former, with the secret aid of the latter, immediately raised a rebellion against his sister. Defeated by Mary and the faithful part of her subjects, he fled to the English court, where he received protection. The concern which Randolph, the English resident at Edinburgh, had in Murray's rebellion, is shown in a letter of Mary to her English ambassador, Robert Melville, now published for the first time: "Melville," she says, "it is not unknown to you how, before your departing, we had granted our pardon to John Johnstoun, who coming home, and this same day being before us, we inquired of him the cause of his departing. He answered, that in the middle of August last he was sent for by Master Randolph to come and speak with him at his lodging, at David Forrester's, whither he came; and after some declaration made to him by Mr. Randolph, how he was my Lord of Murray's servant, and one whom he would specially trust, Master Randolph delivered to him three sacks of money sealed, wherein was contained (as was said) three thousand crowns, which he, at Randolph's desire, conveyed to St. Andrews, and delivered the same to my Lady Murray, receiving her receipt for it, which he carried back to Randolph. And fearing that the matter might be discovered, he (Johnstoun) durst not remain, but departed. And at the very time that we were receiving this declaration, Mr. Randolph happening to be present with our council discussing matters relating to the borders, we thought it not inconvenient to report to him the report made to us, and show him plainly that in consideration the queen, our good sister, his mistress, had not only to our dearest brother, the king of France, and to his ambassador resident there, but also to Monsieur Ramboletz, his late ambassador here, and by Randolph to ourselves declared, that she had neither aided, nor was willing to aid and support our rebels with men, money, or otherwise, to our displeasure; which we take to be undoubtedly true, and will look for no other at her hands; such account do we make of her and her declaration, given in that behalf, which we can in no wise mistrust. Yet that he, her servant and minister, occupying a peaceable charge, contrary to her will and meaning, should undertake a thing so prejudicial to the peace, we could not but think very strange of it, and had right good occasion to be offended with his misbehavior, that within our own realm had comforted them with money to our displeasure, who were our rebels, and with whom we had just cause to be offended."* Randolph, she adds, first denied the charge, but when evidence was brought against him, he stood at bay, and announced that he held himself as only answerable for his conduct to his own mistress. The crookedness of policy thus shown in Mary's enemies contrasts strongly with her implicit, unsuspecting faith in the good feeling and conscientiousness of Elizabeth.

The documents here adduced respecting the murder of Riccio, make clear the motives of the various parties; Darnley having none besides his wish to secure the crown matrimonial, in which the poor Italian had opposed him. Randolph wrote at the time to Cecil a scandalous letter impeaching the queen's honor. His credibility as a witness against her so soon after she had convicted

*For the translation of this and some of the ensuing extracts from the queen's correspondence, we are indebted to the Athenæum.

him of the basest duplicity, might be safely left to impartial consideration; but it is well to know that, from the various documents now brought forward, there cannot remain the slightest shade of suspicion against Mary on this score. The assassination of Riccio, over and above the personal motive of Darnley, was a Protestant move necessary to turn affairs at the Scottish court, so as to allow of Murray and his friends being pardoned for their rebellion. It was, in the sixteenth century, what a change of ministry through a vote in the House of Commons is at the present day. The religious feelings of that time, so far from forbidding, stimulated such barbarities.

The whole behavior of Darnley from this time was such as to alienate the affections of the queen. He seems to have been an utter fool, with all the qualities of intractableness and waywardness which that term implies. Yet all the evidence that appears represents Mary as submitting to his follies with patience. In November, 1566, four months after the birth of her son, her principal lords—Murray, Bothwell, Huntley, Argyle, and Maitland of Lethington—came formally to her at Craigmillar, to propose that she should divorce Darnley; but she told them that she would abide the will of Providence to be relieved from her present sufferings, and positively refused to go into the scheme. One reason for this resolution on Mary's part may have been of a political nature. In her communications at this time with Elizabeth, it is evident that her predominant aim was to secure her being declared the heir-presumptive of the English throne. It might seem to her that the English people were not the more likely to favor her hopes, if they saw her engaged in suing a divorce from her husband, not only from a consideration of the indecorum which always attends such an act, but because it lessened her prospect of heirs of her own body. Within a month of the death of Darnley, namely, on the 13th January, 1567, she is found writing a complaisant letter to Elizabeth, urging her pretensions to be declared the heir of the English crown. "Always," she says, "have we commended us and the equity of our cause to you, and have certainly looked for your friendship therein; whereon we have continually trusted; and now we think us fully assured of the same, having thereof so large proof by knowledge of your good mind and entire affection, declared by your said ambassador, as also by our servant Robert Melville; not doubting but in time convenient you will proceed to the perfecting and consummation of that which you have begun to utter, as well to your own people as to other nations, the opinion you have of the equity of our cause and your affection toward us; and namely, in the examining of the will supposed to be made by the king your father, which some would lay as a bar in our way; according to your own promise to us, as well contained in your letter sent by our servant Robert Melville, whereof he has made us report that you would proceed therein before your nobility (being at this present assembly) departed towards their own houses." At the date of this letter, Darnley was sick of small-pox. Immediately after, Mary was informed of a plot which he was alleged to have formed for seizing the infant prince, and getting himself made regent in his name. Even while having such grounds of suspicion against him, she is found writing to her ambassador in France, the Archbishop of Glasgow—"Always we perceive him occupied and

busy enough to have inquisition of our doings; which, God willing, shall always be such as *none shall have occasion to be offended with them, or to report of us any way but honorably*; howsoever he, his father, and their favorers speak, who we know want no good will to give us trouble, if their power equalled their inclinations." It need hardly be asked, if a person with such reasons for standing well with the world, and who gives such incontestable evidence of her having been alive to those reasons, was at all likely to be engaged in a conspiracy for the murder of her husband? an event which, whether she had any concern in it or not, could not but be damaging to her immediate affairs, as well as her prospects.

A letter of Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow, written the morning after the murder of Darnley, adverts to some information he had communicated to her as to designs against herself; and she expresses her belief that the explosion of the house was designed for herself likewise, as she had slept in it three out of the seven preceding days, and was only prevented from sleeping in it that night by the chance of having had to attend a masque at Holyrood house. Bothwell, the actual murderer, now comes prominently forward. The common supposition is, that Mary favored his escape from the trial to which he was subjected at the instance of Darnley's father. It appears that he was in reality protected by a confederation of nobles, amongst whom were those who soon afterwards deposed the queen. These men now associated in a bond for the purpose of procuring a marriage between Mary and this atrocious member of their corps. And it is remarkable of this association that its leader, Morton, had been concerned in the murder of Darnley. That the queen had any inclination to the proposed match, there is not a particle of sound evidence; for the celebrated letters afterwards produced in a casket are manifestly a base and clumsy forgery. That it was, on religious grounds, objectionable to Mary, is indubitable, for Bothwell was a Protestant. See, then, the actual progress of events. Bothwell, armed with the bond favoring his suit of Mary's hand, seized her person as she was travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh, and immediately conducted her to his castle of Dunbar, where she was kept a prisoner for several days. Let it be remembered that, at that time, there was no standing army, not even a regiment of guards, to support the head of the government in Scotland. Mary depended, for the means of maintaining her place and function, upon the good-will of the nobility. Is it surprising that, sinking under this indignity, to which her chief nobles appeared to have conspired, she should have been induced, for the sake of her reputation as a woman, as well as for maintaining her place as a queen, to consent to the odious match which was soon after carried into effect? And can we have any doubt of the real views of Morton and his confederates in promoting the marriage, when we find them immediately after taking advantage of the infamy which it produced, to raise the standard of revolt against her, and in brief space effecting her dethronement? In the whole series of proceedings, Mary appears as the victim of force. At the marriage, she was habited in deep mourning. The state of her feelings *on the evening of the day of her nuptials*, is evinced by De Croc, the French ambassador, who visited her at her own request. "I perceived," says he, "a strange formality between her and her husband, which she

begged me to excuse, saying that if I saw her sad it was because she did not wish to be happy, as she said she never could be, *wishing only for death*. Yesterday," he adds, "being all alone in a closet with the Earl of Bothwell, she called aloud for them to give her a knife to kill herself with. Those who were in the room adjoining the closet heard her."* There is also evidence of Bothwell regarding her as a person requiring to be watched, that he might work out his ends successfully. In her own communication to the French court respecting the marriage, she speaks as follows:—"When he saw us like to reject all his suit and offers, in the end he showed us how far he had proceeded with our whole nobility and principals of our estates, and what they had promised him under their own handwriting. If we had cause, then, to be astonished, we remit us to the judgment of the king, the queen, and others our friends. Seeing ourself in his power, sequestered from the company of our servants and others of whom we might ask counsel; yea, seeing them upon whose counsel and fidelity we had before depended, whose force ought and must maintain our authority, without whom in a manner we are nothing, beforehand already won over to his wishes, and so we left alone as it were a prey unto him; many things we resolved with ourself, but could never find a way of escape. And yet gave he us little space to meditate with ourself, ever pressing us with continual and importunate suit." It may be asked if this is the language in which she could have been expected to write to a friendly potentate respecting a husband whom she had married under the influence of an infatuated passion, as represented by her enemies. In short, while there is no worthy evidence of any love on Mary's part towards Bothwell, or of a single motive of another kind which she could have for such a marriage; while, on the contrary, it was, as the event proved, likely to be most injurious to her; there is abundant evidence of the affair having sprung from the ambition of this profligate man, and been effected by the assistance of a set of his compeers, who saw in this step a sure means of effecting an object long desired by them—the destruction of a ruler opposed to them in faith, and whose continuance in power was dangerous to the Protestant cause. In five weeks from the marriage these men had immured the queen in Lochleven, while Bothwell was an outlaw roaming through the northern seas.

The whole subsequent conduct of Mary respecting Bothwell is accordant with the supposition of the marriage having been contrary to her will. She parted with him at Carberry without a sigh. In her letters after that event, she is not found alluding to him. That she declined a proposed divorce the month after their parting, may be considered as owing to her having been pregnant of a daughter, now ascertained to have been born at Lochleven, and who died a nun in France. The trial got up between Elizabeth and the Scotch lords, during her imprisonment in England, with a view to establish her guilt, ended, as is well known, in a complete failure. But the crowning evidence on the exculpatory side is in the circumstances connected with the death of Bothwell. This wretched man perished in a Danish prison ten years after his fall. Mary then wrote as fol-

*Translation in W. Turnbull's edition of Letters of Mary Stuart. Dolman: 1845.

lows to the Archbishop of Glasgow:—"Information has been received here of the death of the Earl of Bothwell, and that before his decease he made an ample confession of his crime, and declared himself the guilty author of the assassination of the late king, my husband, of which he expressly acquitted me, testifying to my innocence on the peril of his soul's damnation; and since, if this be true, this testimony would be of the greatest value to me against the false calumnies of my enemies, I beg of you to investigate the truth by all the means possible. Those who were present at this declaration, which was afterwards signed and sealed by them in the form of a last will and testament, are Otto Braw, of the castle of Elecnabro; Paris Braw, of the castle of Vascut; Mr. Gullunstame, of the castle of Fulkenster; the Bishop of Skonen, and four magistrates of that town. If De Monceaux, who has formerly trafficked in that country, would make a voyage thither to inquire more particularly, I would be glad to employ him for the purpose, and to furnish money for his travelling expenses." Now this document, which Mary wished to be produced, was sent to Elizabeth, but *by her suppressed*. Morton, who was now regent in Scotland, is at the same time found imprisoning a man for spreading a report of the existence of such a document. Prince Labanoff has, however, obtained an original and undoubted copy of Bothwell's declaration, showing that the account which Mary had heard of it was correct. A man in Bothwell's circumstances could have no motive to clear the character of Mary, if she had actually been guilty. The publication of this important document is deferred by the prince till he shall give us an eighth and final volume, stating his own impressions from the interesting series of papers contained in the seven already published.

Such are the leading points of the evidence now brought out in favor of the innocence of Mary. It is an evidence which will not be satisfactory to the sectarian spirit still alive respecting the history of her times; but to minds independent of that influence, it will carry much weight. The wonder with candid persons will now be, that they did not long ago suspect the soundness of the prevalent views respecting Mary, seeing that she was exactly in those circumstances which make fair treatment next to impossible. All monarchs succeeded by new and hostile dynasties, all statesmen and all political ideas superseded by others of an opposite stamp, are sure to be misrepresented. Knowing these things, it appears strange that we did not long since suspect the vulgar history of Queen Mary, merely from the circumstance that the representatives of opposite religious and political systems had been in possession of power ever since her time. We might have been startled, if by nothing else, by reflecting that Mary is held infamous on a merely suspected connexion with the crime of murder, while Elizabeth, who is known for certain to have taken measures to have Mary assassinated, who called Sir A. Pawlett a precise fellow, because he would not do the deed, and who actually did murder Mary under form of law, is handed down as a paragon of excellence. The impartial public has been deficient in shrewdness, but we trust it will not be deficient in manfulness to express its sense of the new bearing of this question.

CHAPTER XVII.

A sleepless night was passed also by Ada. She had felt that Mr. Latimer's behavior to her through the evening, although courteous and very friendly, was not that of the devoted lover. She had worn outwardly a gay untroubled countenance; she had laughed and sung, and accepted the attentions of people she cared nothing about; but now, that she was alone, she gave way to her real feelings. She wept bitterly; she reproached Latimer in her mind with the proverbial inconstancy of his sex; she resolved to call up all her womanly pride, and be equally indifferent. But that, on the other hand, seemed easier said than done; a miserable feeling, as if everything was a blank, lay upon her soul, spite even of pride and "womanly spirit." And then there slid in a soft persuading sentiment, that she might yet win him—beautiful she was, and worthy of him; she would be humble, and gentle, and solicit his teaching; she would let him see how faithful her heart had been. As to his attentions to Agnes, he was interested probably with her, from several causes. She had known him often, in former years, leave her, the worshipped queen of the room, to dance with, or pay attention to some deformed, or neglected girl. She did not in reality attach so very much importance to that; he was interested in Agnes, for her father's sake; she had expected that he would be so; and if she herself would only condescend to let him know that his favorite author was hers also—that they had tastes, and feelings, and pursuits, in common, she might win him, spite of his indifference. Ah! these were only dreams of the night! In the morning, she woke with the feeling, that it is vain to strive against the natural character. Reserved and proud she naturally was; reserved and proud she must remain to be. She could not, in the state of feeling in which he now was, hint to him, even of what she had done for his sake; not even, if by not so doing she must die! If, on the contrary, he had returned as he went, then how easily would all have been told; then heart would have responded to heart. Now when Ada thought upon the confession which she had made to Agnes, it burned within her soul like fire. She felt humiliated, and a feeling of resentment rankled in her heart.

Their next meeting was an unpleasant one for all parties, and yet outwardly very little was indicated. Nay, even Mrs. Colville herself, seemed more than usually gracious. She however was full of bitter displeasure. Hence it was that during the day she took an opportunity of having a private interview with Tom. Private interviews with him, were not very general things, because Mrs. Colville was never quite sure how far her nephew acted with her; but Mrs. Sam, with whom Mrs. Colville had already canvassed the subject under discussion, advised that Tom should be counselled with.

"I am not satisfied with Mr. Latimer's conduct," said she, after she had introduced the subject, as she thought, in a manner flattering to his brotherly pride.

"Nor am I," said Tom abruptly.

"Then you observed how indifferent he seemed about her?" asked she: "I hope nobody else did!"

"Very likely not," returned Tom; "but we were very naturally alive to the subject. 'Pon my word, I thought he seemed much more of a lover to Agnes than to Ada!"

"It is very wrong of Agnes to encourage him. I can see plain enough how much delighted she is with his attention—it is very wrong of her! I never expected we should have been having any love-affairs with her, and especially with Mr. Latimer! I told Mrs. Acton that she had no fortune, that she was quite dependent upon her uncle—and then to think of coming in that dress! I declare I am quite provoked when I think of it!"

"It is possible," said Tom, speaking the idea which had occurred to himself, "that Mr. Latimer paid all that attention to her, because she was not remarkably well dressed—and yet, after all, she really did not look amiss!"

"For our sweet Ada's sake," said Mrs. Colville, "we cannot have this going on. It is wrong of Mr. Latimer, and it is still worse of Agnes, who owes so much to her uncle: it is perfect ingratitude, I can call it nothing else; and she shall leave us, as sure as she is alive, if she set herself up as a rival to Ada. And, by the bye, who was it that walked home with her last night? I had a mind to ask her point-blank this morning at breakfast; but I thought the very suspicion of its being Mr. Latimer, would be so unpleasant to poor Ada."

"I don't know," said Tom; "I did not know that she was gone, until supper was half over. I know, however, that Latimer was not in when supper began. George Bridport took in Ada. I almost expected that I must do it myself. But I cannot believe that Latimer walked home with her."

"I asked Sykes this morning," said Mrs. Colville, "but she could not tell me. Nobody was with her at the door. However, I'll find it out! And then there is another thing," began Mrs. Colville, evidently on a new idea, "who was it that sent her those jet ornaments? surely that was not his doing?"

Tom laughed aloud. "No," said he, "nothing of the kind! Her uncle in Scotland, or her brothers, or some of her London friends. Latimer! God bless me, how could you think of such a thing!"

"Well, I have spoken my mind to you," said the old lady, "and we must consider what is to be done. We must not have Ada's prospects in life ruined, and the whole country laughing at us, for a little insignificant girl like that, without a penny to her fortune!"

Tom looked as if he were about to say something in opposition to his aunt; but he merely ended by repeating her words, that they must certainly consider what was to be done.

Tom, however, needed very little time for consideration; he had already, and before his aunt spoke, made up his mind as to what he was to do.

In the afternoon, as usual, when her uncle, who had fully and freely forgiven all her short-comings of the day before, and had even, dear old man, asked her to pardon his petulance, was gone out in his bath chair, Agnes went out too, hoping, as she always did, amid the quiet of nature, to allay the troubles, and agitations, and uncertainties of her own heart. She avoided the dingle to-day, unwilling to recall more vividly than it yet lived in her mind, the strange interview with Jeffkins; and taking a shorter cut went direct to Woodbury Lane, as being the most retired place in the neighborhood. She walked as far as the little bridge over the Merley brook, and then she sat down. What was her surprise, and no less her chagrin,

when her cousin Tom, who, as on former afternoons, but now on foot, must have taken the bridle road down the dingle, was now seen coming down the lane, in that direction towards her. It was no use trying to escape him; they saw each other at the first moment, and the next he was at her side.

There was a very friendly expression in his eyes, and a peculiar meaning in his voice as he said, "I knew you were here, Agnes, and therefore I came. I hope it is not unpleasant to you."

"I came for a solitary walk," returned Agnes. "I have just now many things to think of."

"And so have I," said he; "and yet, more correctly speaking, I have but one; and I may as well be candid with you at once; it is yourself. It is no use trying to conceal it any longer; and you must long have been aware of it—I love you, Agnes, most desperately—most sincerely!"

"For Heaven's sake, do not say so," returned Agnes, with a pale cheek, and an earnest voice. "It will bring much unhappiness to us both, and much confusion in your family, and much trouble."

"Impossible," said Tom, speaking in a bold and cheerful voice, taking at the same time his cousin's hand, which she did not withdraw; "who is there to say that I do wrong in marrying you? I am my own master. My father loves you as a daughter already; Ada loves you like a sister; my Aunt Colville is not of the consequence she fancies herself; we will have you, as my own dear little wife, mistress at Lawford, and then the old lady may look out for a home for herself."

Tom spoke like a lover who has no fear of being refused; in fact he never dreamed of it.

"It cannot be!" returned Agnes, in a voice deeply agitated.

"And why not?" asked he; "what can possibly prevent it? My whole life shall make you happy; and more than that, Agnes," said he, looking tenderly into her face, "shall make me deserve the happiness of being your husband. You know not," continued he in his peculiarly persuasive voice, "the immense influence which you have over me. I am already far different from what I was. I believe that I am a better man: it is you who have made me so. You can make me what you like!"

"I believe of a truth," said Agnes, "that a very noble nature lies within you. I believe you to be capable of every good sentiment. I bless God, indeed, if I have been the means of awakening one better thought in your soul—but your wife I never can be."

"And why not?" demanded he; "there are no difficulties that cannot be overcome. As to fortune," said he, thinking that perhaps that was in her mind, "I want not a farthing with you. I want you and nothing more: you are far dearer to me than a million of money; and as to any differences of opinion—there are none. I think as you do; you have never uttered one sentiment, however my Aunt Colville may have made an outcry about it, that has not had a response in my own heart. You have been like the light of truth to me: you have dispersed many errors. As my wife, it will be my pride to make you happy. Where, then, is the impossibility?"

"Dear cousin," said Agnes, looking at him with the most friendly candor, "you will give me credit for truthfulness of character—you can believe that what I say, I mean, and that I would not willingly say anything which should deeply wound

you, without having grave and convincing proof to myself of its truth and its necessity. Believe me then when I say, it is impossible for me to become your wife. I love you as a dear friend and brother; you are more interesting to me than I can tell, or you can well conceive. God knows how willingly I would serve you; but in this one particular I cannot! That you love me I sincerely believe! but that you do so, I consider one of the saddest events of my life, because I must give you pain!"

"This is the merest mockery, Agnes," said he, impatiently; "what is love either as a friend or a sister when the heart makes a much warmer demand! True love is a thing not to be trifled with—not to be given by weight and measure. If a true heart, Agnes, an amended life, a devotion which death only can end, can win from you no better return than this, then there is only one conclusion to be drawn—and the conjectures of my Aunt Colville," said he, in a tone of bitterness, "may not, after all, be so very much wrong—it may be true that you are placing yourself as a rival to Ada!"

"Does Mrs. Colville, then, say so?" asked Agnes, suddenly startled by the words. "Ah, no! God forbid that I should do such a thing! I will now be candid with you, because I am sure that you deserve that I should be so. The slight attentions which Mr. Latimer paid me last night troubled me greatly; how thankfully would I have placed him by Ada's side! and these things, slight as they may be, have determined me to leave Lawford. My solitary walk this morning was to think over my plans. I have already written to my mother to announce my intentions. This, I think, will prove to you that I wish not to be Ada's rival."

"There is no need for you to leave us," said he; "and the best way, and the surest, and the wisest way of proving that your heart has no interest in Mr. Latimer, is to accept of my hand and heart. Say yes, dearest Agnes," pleaded he. "If you could only know the sincerity of my love, could only give me credit for the good that I know myself to be capable of, and which you have, unconsciously to yourself, awakened into vigorous growth within me, you would not drive me to despair by rejecting my suit! Does there yet remain an impossibility?" asked he impatiently, as he saw her yet pale and distressed countenance.

"Relying," she said, "on the good that is within you, I will say a few words—strange words, of a truth, for me to say—but they will explain all to you." She paused, for she had given herself a difficult task, and it was not without an effort that she thus continued—"Before I came to Lawford a sad secret was committed to me by one whose life was your sacrifice."

Tom dropped the hand which he had held, and turned pale.

"On the last evening of her unhappy life," continued Agnes, "an evening which terminated a short career of sin and misery, she intrusted to me, upon her bended knees, the child which, with mistaken views—which brought on her an awful punishment—she had abandoned. To the last moment I am convinced that you were dearer to her than life."

Tom pressed his hand upon his brow, but made no reply.

"By the merest chance in the world, yet I believe through the hand of God, I found the child in the caravan of those poor Marchmonts who were in

this very lane. But you know the history of the poor child," said she, "as well as I do."

"And what is this that you have been plotting and caballing with those wretched people?" asked he, evidently assuming anger to conceal deeper feelings.

"Nothing," returned she, mildly. "The secret which that unhappy girl confided to me, has never passed my own breast. The woman, however, was at the point of death, the child about to be abandoned a second time; the husband, a brutal and dissolute man, would not permit the clergyman to visit his wife, because, as you know, he had inveterate hatred against Mr. Colville. I therefore sent for the father of the child's mother; he is a good man, and one whom my father knew well—the child is now in his hands—it will want no more."

"And for what is this wretched history now brought up against me?" demanded he: "these are some of the *outré* notions of which my Aunt Colville complains; and it is a peculiar subject, too, for a young lady to introduce to a gentleman!" and with these words there was an attempted jeer in his countenance.

"You pressed me very closely," returned Agnes, "or I would not have spoken of it. You may treat it with levity; but I cannot do so. You may still consider it, as no doubt you do, a light thing, to win the love of a poor girl, to whom you could make no restitution, only for her ruin; but, believe me, in the eyes of God, of truth and justice, it is not so. This it is, I candidly confess to you, *outré* as my notions may appear, which kept my heart safe while it acknowledged your native goodness, and whilst it blessed you for being kind to me—very kind, when others were not so—this it was which kept my heart free from any warmer sentiment than friendship and gratitude. These I have always felt for you, and these I shall always feel: and I conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, to listen to the better voice within your own soul, which even now reproaches you for having treated that as a trifle which was a great and an awful sin!"

He knew that every word which she said was true; but pride and an evil spirit warred yet against the good that was in him.

"If women," continued Agnes, "would but be faithful to virtue, not only in their own persons, but for virtue's own sake, and would feel, as truly is the case, that the whole sex is injured if but one woman fall, then how differently would men treat women!"

The evil spirit within his heart suggested to him to turn her words to ridicule; to question even whether the faultless Latimer were really without sin: but his newly-awakened and better nature silenced the spirit; his answer therefore was of another kind.

"Agnes," said he, in a voice which wrung her heart but to hear, "is my crime, then, like Cain's, to make me an outcast forever! Does my error, which may have its palliation, exclude me forever from hope? Cannot sincere repentance, cannot an after life of purity and truth atone to your sense of virtue for one transgression? I acknowledge that I have sinned. I will make all the reparation in my power—all that even you can require from me. I will acknowledge the child of that unhappy girl. I will do all you ask, all you demand—only refuse me not your love!"

Agnes felt that the time of trial was now at

hand. She was silent, and the eloquent tears rolled down her cheeks. She counselled deeply with her own heart; many feelings—and a woman is often never nearer to accepting a man than when she refuses him, strange as the paradox may appear—pleaded in his favor. Feelings of deep compassion for him; entire trust in her power over him for good; gratitude for much kindness, all pleaded for him; but still there was another voice, strong in its sense of truth and right, which said *no*—and to that she listened, although it compelled her to a hard task.

"Speak, Agnes," pleaded the young man, earnestly: "say that you will not cast me off, and my life and all that I have is yours!"

"May God in heaven strengthen us both!" said Agnes, in a broken voice: "but we must part!"

"We part then!" returned he, in a voice which went to her heart, "and may God bless you! but you have made a miserable man of me, when you might have made me so happy!" And without another word or look, like one who was prepared to meet his fate, he turned and slowly walked away.

Whether she had done right or wrong, for the first sad moments after his departure, she knew not. She felt like one who has been stunned, and all was dark within her mind. She sat for some time after he was out of sight, and then she, too, arose and walked slowly homeward. This declaration had taken her by surprise: she could hardly believe but that it was a strange and troubled dream.

Tom came not back to dinner; but he was often so very eccentric in his movements that but little notice was taken of the circumstance. Mrs. Colville and Ada sat in the little library in the evening, and Agnes read aloud a new novel of Mrs. Gore's. It was a quiet evening, and over the minds of the household, whatever might be their true inward feelings, there was a great outward serenity. Agnes, however, grew silently uneasy as bed-time approached, and Tom had not yet returned.

"I wonder what is become of him!" said Ada, after her father had retired for the night.

Agnes would have told them that she had seen him that afternoon in Woodbury Lane: but she did not dare to trust her voice in speaking of him.

At length, when it was concluded that the servants must sit up for him, a note was brought in. It had been sent from a road-side inn, where the coach stopped, a few miles off, and was to say, that important business had unexpectedly taken him from home; that his portmanteau, with such things as he enumerated, should be sent to him at Leicester the next day, and that the time of his return was uncertain.

Young Mr. Lawford had his own business, his railway shares to look after, and Heaven knows what: so his absence caused no astonishment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Three, four, five days went on quietly, and then a letter came for Agnes from her mother. It was such a letter as she expected. And now her kind, considerate Scottish uncle prayed her to come to him; she should be to him, he said, as a daughter. He remitted to her money for her journey, and arranged how and when she was to come. "I wish, however," said her mother, towards the end of the letter, "that you could see those dear boys before you leave England; but it is impossible. Their

letters are cheerful ; they are in good health, and are doing well ; but poor Harry feels it very hard to spend his holidays at school. The Carters, to whom they were to go, are called to Boulogne by the dangerous illness of poor Ellen ; and the Riddleys have the scarletina, so that there is nothing for them but to submit, and be as contented as they can."

The expectation of being so soon reunited again to her beloved mother, diffused, for the first time for many days, a cheerfulness over the mind of Agnes. Her mother also entirely approved of her conduct in every way ; and how strengthening, in difficult circumstances, is the approval of those whose judgment we esteem ! It was now time to announce her intentions to her relatives ; and, after all, as she expected it would be, it was a very difficult and painful duty. But, however, it must be done.

Ada was alone in her dressing-room, and to her Agnes went first.

"I am come to announce to you, dear Ada," she said, "that I am shortly about to leave you. My mother and my uncle wish me to go to them—but I shall never forget your kindness—" More she could not say.

"I know how it is," said Ada ; "I suspected as much when Tom went away so suddenly—you have refused him !"

Agnes was taken by surprise ; she colored deeply, and then turned pale.

"He loved you very dearly," continued Ada, "and, spite of some few drawbacks, he is a very noble fellow. I think that you have acted very unkindly by him, for you can have no idea of his deep love for you."

"Circumstances," returned Agnes, "have made me seem—oh, so unwillingly on my part!—to do unkind things to you both. Professions, when the actions do not seem to bear them out, are quite insults. I, therefore, will make no professions ; but He who reads the heart, and knows every secret action and motive, knows that I have not been actuated by unkindness or mere waywardness, and that I feel nothing but the most disinterested regard and affection for you."

The sincerity with which these words were spoken, carried conviction with them. "I will believe you," said Ada, "I will give you credit for acting truthfully, and perhaps, though I cannot see it, wisely, in refusing my brother. It was, however, a fond wish of my heart that you might have been his wife ; and I fear now that you have almost driven him to despair ; and yet," continued she, wishing to pique Agnes, and speaking in her cold tone of voice, "that would be very foolish in him. Henrietta Bolton would make him a charming wife ; and she, I am sure, would not refuse him."

"I should love Henrietta Bolton," replied Agnes, warmly, "if she would make your brother happy. I am deeply interested in him, much more than you can imagine, or than any one can."

"What foolish scruples, then, have prevented you from accepting him ? If it be fear of my Aunt Colville, that is the idlest thing in the world."

"I have made my decision, dear Ada," said Agnes, "and that not rashly. I may stand accused of folly, and even coldness of heart ; but indeed I have not deserved it."

"That we shall see," said Ada, with a voice and manner which showed her to be both wounded and displeased.

Mrs. Colville and Mrs. Sam had come to the firm determination that Agnes must go ; it was a

thing which admitted of no *pro* and *con*. Go she must. They wished that something would occur to call her away. They did not know on what plea to get rid of her themselves : and then there was another question—would her uncle let her go ! That was a doubtful question. But for all that, go she must. Had they not better, they thought, open to him all their plans. He was desirous, of course, that Ada should marry Mr. Latimer ; but then the old gentleman was crotchety ; if he got the slightest idea in his head that Mr. Latimer preferred Agnes to his daughter, he would be very likely to say, "Well, then, let him have her, with all my heart !"

"Poor, dear man !" said Mrs. Colville, "there is no dependance on his mind now ; he is sadly shaken !"

However, uncertain as was the step of consulting the old gentleman upon it, one thing was certain, and that was, that Agnes must go !

When, however, Agnes announced to these two ladies her mother's wish, and her own intention of leaving Lawford, a very mixed feeling—such is the inconsistency of human nature—came over their minds, of there being a something, after all, at the bottom of this, much deeper than they themselves yet saw. Like Pharaoh with the Israelites, their hearts were hardened, and they were not inclined to let her go. The one looked at the other ; the same sentiment was in each breast, and Mrs. Sam spoke for her aunt as well as herself, when she said—"I think it very strange conduct, Agnes. We considered you as engaged here in attending upon your uncle. I am sure that every reasonable attention has been paid to you ; you have been treated by us as one of the family ; but if you think that you can mend yourself, of course we can have nothing to say, except regretting it on your own account."

"But I think," said the elder lady, without giving Agnes time to reply, "that your uncle will be very much hurt by your conduct. He is very much attached to you, and has been quite a father to you, and you should consider this."

"I do consider it," replied Agnes. "I shall always retain the most grateful sense of my uncle's kindness to me ; but circumstances, which I cannot control, make it very desirable for me to leave. My mother wishes it also. My uncle offers me a home with him, not so splendid as this, certainly, but one which promises me much happiness."

As Agnes said these words, the door opened, and Mr. Latimer was announced. Nothing could be gayer or brighter than his countenance. It was a wonderful contrast to the three which had been in conclave the minute before. His arrival, however, made an instantaneous change in these. The first dinner-bell had just rung, and he immediately declared his intention in coming to be dining with them. The two Mrs. Colvilles welcomed him most joyfully—it was so friendly of him, so neighborly ! Agnes withdrew ; and, hastening to Ada, informed her of the unexpected dinner guest, and begged also that she might be excused from appearing at table.

"I am not well, dear Ada," she said, and her countenance testified to the truth of her words : "but do not you be angry with me ; I feel as if that were more than I could bear. The anger of those I love makes my heart ache."

"I cannot be angry with you," said Ada, on whose mind Mr. Latimer's arrival had shed a broad sunbeam of delight ; "you disarm my anger

by your gentleness—and yet,” added she, “I cannot forgive your refusing to become my sister.”

It was agreed between the elder and younger Mrs. Colville, that considering Mr. Latimer was come, not a word should be said about Agnes' leaving them. The old gentleman, as yet, knew nothing of it, and they would not spoil the harmony of the party by introducing the subject. He troubled himself very much about Agnes' indisposition, and insisted after dinner that she should have some strong coffee sent up to her, and a smelling-bottle, and begged her to bathe her temples with *eau de Cologne*. He said that he could not do without her.

“It is strange what an effect that girl has upon me, Mr. Latimer,” said he, addressing that gentleman: “there is a wonderful something about her that quite takes hold of one. If I had been a young fellow now, I should certainly have been over head and ears in love with her, that I should!” and the old gentleman's eyes twinkled as if tears were in them.

Mr. Latimer laughed merrily, and said that he should not wonder at all; that really there was a deal of truth in what Mr. Lawford said.

“You may laugh,” said old Mr. Lawford, “but I'll repeat it; there are not many girls like her.”

Mr. Latimer did not incline to controvert that opinion, therefore the old gentleman said no more on the subject.

“I am going to have my nap,” said he, when he had finished his half pint of port; “Agnes must come down to me in about an hour—you'll see to it, Ada; and if I am pretty well, you shall all come and have tea with me.”

He looked wonderfully good-tempered; and, declining the offered arm of Mr. Latimer, he shuffled away to his own room.

Agnes went to him as he desired, resolving not to say a word to him on a subject which would be so painful to him that evening. Instead of so doing, she combed his hair, of which he was so fond, she rubbed his bald head with her soft hand; sang to him and told him little stories. He was as happy as a king; he kissed her tenderly, and called her his pet-child; and then bade her ring for tea.

“You must bring in tea for all,” said he to the servant, “and tell the ladies and Mr. Latimer, with my compliments, that I will expect the pleasure of their company to tea.”

Agnes could not object, and with the urn came in the household guests. Ada was leaning on Mr. Latimer's arm; the best understanding in the world seemed to exist between them; he placed a chair for her, and seated himself by her side. The two Mrs. Colvilles looked quite triumphant.

Flowers stood on the tea-table, and a soft lamp-light lit the room, which lying away from the west was early dark even in summer. All seemed inviting to the most agreeable social intercourse.

“You have not heard the news,” said Mrs. Colville to her brother the moment she was seated. “It has taken us greatly by surprise, but it has delighted us also equally.”

“What can it be?” asked Mr. Lawford impatiently.

Mr. Latimer laughed, and so did Ada.

“You have not heard of Tom lately?” said Mr. Latimer.

“No, upon my word, we have not,” returned the old gentleman.

“I have, however,” said Mr. Latimer. “He

made his appearance at my sister's yesterday, on very important business; that of paying his court to Henrietta Bolton—and of course, with remarkable success. My brother and sister are delighted with it, and so am I.”

“Upon my word!” exclaimed the old gentleman; “that was his sudden business, was it?”

Agnes was making tea; the urn concealed her face from every one. The news indeed surprised her; but in what way it exactly affected her, in the first instance, it would be difficult to say. In some little degree it lessened her regard for him, and yet what a burden it at once lifted from her breast! Pique, no doubt, was at the bottom of it; but still the match was so wise and suitable a one, that she could do no other than rejoice in it.

“Well,” said the old gentleman, after a pause, in which he seemed to have been cogitating on the subject: “Miss Henrietta Bolton is a great favorite of mine, and she has done my son great honor in accepting him; but I had laid out my little Agnes there, for his wife!”

The eyes of all turned upon her, even Mr. Latimer's, and all with very different feelings.

“But man proposes, and God disposes,” said he, “and we'll hope that Agnes will get a good husband somewhere else; but then it will be taking her away from me, and that I should not like; but I am an old man, and I may not live to see that day!”

He was quite affected by his own suggestions, and so also was Agnes.

It was a termination to the merry news of Tom's wooing, which nobody had expected. But the party was not going to be mournful for all that. A few moments restored both Agnes and her uncle to their usual cheerfulness, although the old gentleman gave evidence of weighing the consequences of Tom's marriage through the whole evening. But it had taken a load from the heart of Agnes, which made her feel like a new being. An intelligent look passed between herself and Ada, which said, on the one side, “You see that I have not made Tom irreparably miserable after all!” and on the other, “You see that a very sweet girl would have him although you would not!” and then the eyes of both expressed the same sentiment—“We are very good friends again with each other, and very well satisfied with the state of affairs!”

When this subject had subsided, Mr. Latimer said, that he had also another little piece of news to tell them, which had given him great pleasure, “and which,” said he, addressing Agnes, “will I am sure please you also.”

As the last news had been about wooing, a curious sensation went to the heart of every one present, as if this too must be of a similar nature—but then what had Agnes to do with it? Everybody looked curious and amazed.

“You recollect the other day,” said he, turning to Mr. Lawford, “the little affair about that poor fellow Marchmont with the caravan in Woodbury Lane?”

“What, he has been taken up, has he?” asked Mrs. Colville triumphantly.

“No, nor I hope is likely to be,” replied Mr. Latimer.

Mrs. Colville was not going to oppose any hopes of Mr. Latimer's, however extraordinary they might be: so she left him to continue his narrative.

“Marchmont removed his caravan,” continued

he, "to Merley Common just by me. When I had left you the other morning I rode up to the little encampment, and found the poor woman extremely ill. I sent off for the doctor from Merley, and ordered my housekeeper to look after her a little. I heard nothing more about them, until last evening, when, as I was walking in my grounds, I heard a sound, which was not to be mistaken, although it is a very uncommon one in our neighborhood—the singing of a hymn, as if preparatory to a field-preaching."

"Bless me! are the Methodists again in the parish?" exclaimed Mrs. Colville.

"It seemed very much like it," replied Mr. Latimer: "and as I do not happen to have any very violent prejudice against the Methodists"—(here again was an opinion which, from Mr. Latimer's lips, poor Mrs. Colville was obliged to tolerate)—"I too betook myself to the place whence the sound proceeded, and which was that little Merley Common on which Marchmont's caravan stood."

"The devil turned preacher!" said Mr. Lawford laughing, and anticipating what he expected to be the drift of the story.

"No, it was not Marchmont, nor the black adversary in his shape," returned Mr. Latimer, smiling, "although the preacher had made a pulpit of the steps of his caravan. The preacher was a stranger to me, a man perhaps of sixty; a man of the working class, however, with a haggard and care-worn countenance, and thin silvery hair, which was combed back from a forehead which indicated great powers of mind. He had probably been preaching through the week in the neighboring villages, and this now was his Sunday congregation. There were probably two or three hundred people assembled, all neat and decent, people of all ages, in their Sabbath apparel. It was a sight which pleased me greatly. Within the door of the caravan also, there was a singular and interesting group; the sick woman, who now seemed better both in mind and body, sat on her bed or in a chair propped up with pillows, and at her side a girl held on her knee one of the most beautiful children I ever saw in my life, a living cherub of Murillo. The hymn was just finished, and the preacher gave out his text, 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.'

"I have heard many preachers, both at home and in America," continued Mr. Latimer; "I have heard the highest dignitaries in the church, and the most celebrated preachers of the day, both learned and unlearned: but I never heard so effective a sermon as this. There was no ranting, no striving after effect in it; there was no flowery eloquence, nor any appeal to the passions; but it was, from beginning to end, the strong eloquence of truth kindled into a living flame by the broadest spirit of Christian love. It was a sermon on the mission and power of Christianity, as it comes home to every man's heart and hearth, and every day's experience. The people all round me were weeping; but the most remarkable and interesting feature in the whole scene, was poor Marchmont himself. He stood apart from every one, on the outside of the assembly, as if he had not made up his mind whether to go or stay. There was an

uneasiness and an uncertainty in his countenance for some time. At length he was fairly won; his hard features relaxed, and then kindled up into a responsive sentiment, and not long afterwards I saw him seated on the ground weeping like a child. It was an extraordinary and really an affecting thing, to see that man, whom the law had pronounced to be a hardened and hopeless criminal, brought into the state of a humble, repentant child, by the simple teachings of the doctrines of love—by the pure gospel!"

"But *was* it the gospel which really was preached?" asked Mrs. Colville.

"Unquestionably, the repentance-working, purifying, and life-ennobling gospel," returned Mr. Latimer; "and it seems to me that the apostles of our Lord, poor fishers and handicraftsmen, whom he sent abroad to preach and teach, must have been such as this poor, hard-handed mechanic."

Old Mr. Lawford wiped his eyes—"If the Methodists," said he, "can reform such fellows as Marchmont, it is a pity, I think, that they have been sent out of our parish."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Latimer, warmly; "and if their preachers were always like this man, they should have a chapel in my grounds, if there were no other place for them."

Agnes looked at him with an expression of unspeakable admiration and gratitude.

"You approve of this heresy, Miss Agnes," said he, "I see it in your countenance."

Ada would have said that she did so also, spite of her Aunt Colville and spite of Mrs. Sam; but a something in the expression of his eye, as he looked at Agnes, a something in the tone of his voice, kept her silent.

What could have made Agnes happier than these tidings! This, then, was poor Jeffkins, going forth upon that mission to which she herself had been instrumental in calling him. Perhaps this was the happiest moment of her whole life; her own little private troubles and uncertainties sank into nothing as she thought of Jeffkins, an agent in God's hand, and the sinner Marchmont the first-fruits of his faithfulness. God had blessed him and his labors. The sick woman and the child too, would both be saved spiritually and temporally. She could no longer be depressed. Whatever the evening might be to the others, to her it was a happy one: she was raised out of herself; and when Mr. Latimer made the most kind inquiries after her mother and her brothers, as if they had been his own friends, she had forgotten that it was for *her* sake that this was done, and in the open-hearted simplicity of a broad Christian love, she told of the poor boys who were forced, so sorely against their will, to spend their holidays at school—"Poor lads," she said, "I wish they were at Lawford!" Mr. Latimer made many inquiries about them still, and at what school they were. It seemed to please him, just as much as it pleased her, that he knew something about the gentleman with whom they were; they had been members of the same college for some months—Mr. Latimer's college life having begun just before the other gentleman's terminated.

All this was very pleasant; and then arrangements had to be made relative to the Bradgate Park pic-nic of the morrow. All regarding this day's pleasure had been thrown into confusion and uncertainty by Tom's absence; and Agnes also had felt great difficulty, under existing circumstances, in becoming one of the party. All was

right now, however; Tom was to accompany his betrothed and the Actons; and Mr. Latimer had now to propose that the party from the rectory and the hall, of course including Agnes, should take luncheon at the Hays, which was in their direct way to Bradgate, and then that they should all proceed together to the point of rendezvous in this beautiful old park, where the Actons would meet them punctually at three o'clock; Mr. Latimer stipulating for the pleasure of driving Ada and her cousin in his barouche. Mrs. Acton, whose party this was to be considered, claimed the privilege of providing viands for a cold collation, which was to be spread in some beautifully secluded part of the park. Fire was to be lighted in gipsy fashion, and coffee, which Henrietta Bolton prided herself in making with great skill in the true continental manner, was to be enjoyed, as rich coffee can only be thoroughly enjoyed, in the open air. The ladies were to sing; the gentlemen were to be as amiable as possible, and all was to be perfect.

Mrs. Colville, and Ada, and Mrs. Sam, approved greatly of the whole arrangements, and agreed to everything.

"I think," said Agnes, who, after all, dreaded this immediate meeting with her cousin, and believing that it would also be unpleasant to him, "that I had much better stay at home with my uncle."

Every one turned to him, even Mr. Latimer.—"I think," said he, addressing the old gentleman, "that you will spare Miss Agnes to be of our party; my sister wishes it very much, and she is the only one amongst us who has not seen the park."

"To be sure, she must go!" said he; "she must go, and bring me word about Tom and his lady-love! God bless me! to think of his setting off in that sly way!"

It was quite decided that Agnes must go; and she, however reluctant she might be to meet Tom, even as the *fiancé* of another, and however strong was her conviction that it was not for the peace of her mind, though it might matter nothing to Mr. Latimer, to be much in his society, did not see how she could make any opposition.

"Man proposes, and God disposes!" said Mr. Lawford, the next morning, when, after a night of violent thunder, the family, late in the forenoon, still sat over the breakfast table, looking out into the drenching rain, which looked as if it never would cease. The thunder-storm seemed to be one of that kind, which, after a long period of dry weather, at once breaks it up, and is the precursor of a long wet and cold time.

"There will be no Bradgate Park to-day," said Ada, mournfully, who, feeling confident that Agnes would attach herself to Mrs. Acton through the day, as she had said she would do, in order to enjoy as much of her pleasant society as was possible, had anticipated, poor girl, the necessity of Mr. Latimer and herself having long *tête-à-têtes* in that quiet, old, sylvan region; where the poetry of nature and the poetry of a beautiful life were so harmoniously united, and which might lead—oh, so naturally!—to a union of spirit between themselves. Lady Jane Grey's study of Plato in those old woods, might so easily lead to a confession of the study she had devoted herself to, of works as noble as those of Plato!

"There is a little break in the clouds! I think it looks a little brighter!" said she: "what do you think, Agnes?"

Agnes thought so too; nay, there was even the faintest ray of sunshine! but then Mrs. Colville came in with her very natural recollection, that, let the sun shine as it would, the mossy turf of the old park would be a very unfit carpet for the feet of any lady that day, so say nothing of sitting and singing on the grass.

"Just as well be one of Alderman Scales' cherubs," said her father, "and sit singing on a damp cloud!"

"Then I suppose it must be given up!" said Ada. "It is so very awkward," she continued: "one cannot tell whether one is expected or not. Perhaps Mr. Latimer may expect us to luncheon, and it is better to have half a pleasure than none."

"My dear!" returned her aunt, "it is impossible! It would look like perfect insanity in us. See, it rains now faster than ever; and now," said she, looking at her watch, "it is half past twelve."

It rained all day: there was a damp, chill, comfortless feeling in the house, which made people think of the delights of a fire as the day wore on. In the afternoon a servant came over from the Hays with a note from Mr. Latimer to Mrs. Colville, full of regrets for the untoward opposition of the elements, together with two remarkably fine pine-apples. The pinery at the Hays was noted for the fine quality of its fruit. Mrs. Colville read from the note that Mr. Latimer hoped that Ada would accept them. Heaven knows if the words were really in the note, for the old lady put it in her pocket as soon as she had finished it. Poor Ada! she almost forgave the rain.

"It's very pretty of Mr. Latimer to send Ada the handsome pines," said Mrs. Colville to her brother, as they all sat at tea together before a fire which was lighted in the little library. Ada divided one of the pines that evening among them. She was unusually lively and amiable.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next morning Tom Lawford made his appearance at home, and Mrs. Colville had a private conversation with her brother; but one subject is quite enough at a time, and we will take them in the order in which they occurred.

Tom received the congratulations of his family with a very well-satisfied mien; one little remark, however, of his father's disconcerted him.

"I consider," said he, "Miss Bolton a very charming girl, and perhaps a little too good for you; she has a handsome fortune and good connexions; I have nothing to say against the match. It is time you got married, and you have my entire consent; but I had hoped, Tom, that we might have done your poor uncle some little justice by providing for his daughter amongst us. Rich women are not uncommon, nor handsome ones either, but such girls as Agnes are uncommon. But fathers must not choose for their sons: and so, God bless you, Tom, and give my love to Henrietta Bolton."

His voice was broken, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. His son seized his hand and grasped it, and left the room without speaking.

After he was gone, Mrs. Colville came in; and Tom, expecting to find his sister alone in the dining-room, went there; but Agnes was with her. He started: but, mastering the emotion, whatever it might be, which he felt, he said in a tolerably firm voice—"I am obliged to leave home again for a week; my business in London is unfinished;

you can tell my aunt and my father.—Good-by!"

He had hardly glanced at Agnes; he did not speak to her. His conduct was natural, perhaps, but it troubled and distressed her.

"I must leave this place," again said she to herself; "this is his home, and I drive him from it!" She dreaded announcing her departure to her uncle; and indeed, to her, the parting from him was very grievous. But, however, this little incident with Tom decided her to a prompt and firm fulfilment of her duty. "When I go to him, after luncheon," she said, "I will tell him, when he and I are quite alone together."

In the mean time, as we said, Mrs. Colville is having an interview with him.

"Brother," she began, seating herself beside him almost before his nap was ended, "I have some little matters to talk over with you."

The old gentleman was a little out of humor, and a little out of spirits, and was not at all in a mood for an unpleasant communication; but, however, he was destined to have one made to him that day either by one party or by another, and there is no opposing one's destiny.

"I suppose that Agnes has not told you," she continued, "that she wants to leave us."

"No!" said he; "nor do I think that she does—why should she?"

"Yes, indeed," repeated she, "why should she! but, however, she does. Her mother, she tells me, and her uncle in Scotland, wish it; but that may be an excuse, as very likely it is, if they are rational people: for where among them can she have a home like this? the same advantages, and the same class of society! However, she tells me that she wishes to go, and that immediately!"

"It is very odd, and very unkind not to have mentioned it to me!" said her uncle. "I thought that she was fond of me; and I take it as very unkind—very unkind, indeed! What am I to do without her?"

"Very true," said Mrs. Colville; "and so I told her. I told her that she was behaving very ill. We offered her a comfortable home here; she has been treated just like one of the family, and you have been like a father to her—I told her all this. I am not at all pleased with her, for I consider that she had no more right to go away in this abrupt manner than a hired servant had!"

"Do not talk of it in that way," replied Mr. Lawford, sharply; "Agnes was not anything like a servant here! She is her own mistress, and if she can be happier away from us, we have no right to prevent her going—but, however, that is not what I expected from her—and I'll tell you what, Mrs. Colville, there's a something at the bottom of all this; there's a reason for it," said he, raising himself in his chair, and speaking with that energy which indicated a coming storm; "there's a something, Mrs. Colville, which I do not yet penetrate—somebody has been behaving ill to her! You behaved very ill, yourself, to her about that ball at Merley Park: and, if her leaving us is caused by any one behaving ill to her, I shall not readily forgive him, let it be who it may, Mrs. Colville!"

"Do not put yourself into a passion," said she, "I can explain it all to you."

"I will not see a fatherless girl wronged," continued he, without regarding her words, "much less my brother's daughter, and that I can tell you.

There's a reason, I say, for her going, Mrs. Colville; and I'll know the bottom of it—I'll have her in here to your face, and know the bottom of it!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Colville, with a suddenly flushed countenance, "am I to be spoken to in this way! What's Agnes to me! Do you imagine that I plot, and cabal, and get up intrigues against her! Is this the return that I am to have for all my anxiety, and care, and thought, night and day, for your family! It is not kind of you, brother," said Mrs. Colville, assuming the voice and manner of an injured person.

Poor Mr. Lawford looked quite bewildered and dumbfounded; he knew not precisely what to say, and therefore was silent; and Mrs. Colville, making use of the advantage she had gained, continued—"You are right in imagining that there is some motive for her conduct, and a powerful one, too; and I'll tell you what it is. I was convinced that there was a something myself, and I have watched her narrowly. Poor thing! she has lost her heart to her cousin! I saw how her countenance changed when Mr. Latimer mentioned Tom's engagement to Miss Bolton; and when you said that you wished he had chosen her, she looked ready to faint!"

"Poor, dear girl!" sighed her kind-hearted uncle.

"It is very unfortunate for her," continued Mrs. Colville, "for I am convinced that she is greatly attached to him; and I do not blame her so much for that, for Tom has fine qualities—and however much I blamed her at first for leaving us, I can now see reason for it, and I think we must not oppose it.—Tom, as I said, has fine qualities; I have thought him much improved of late, and I fancy that he is much steadier; but when he was about being married that was natural."

"Poor thing!" sighed Mr. Lawford; "but I tell you what, Mrs. Colville," said he, again seeming to be on the verge of a passion, "if I can find out that my son has been trifling with her affections, he need not look for my forgiveness!"

"There is no danger of that," interposed she; "Tom knows what he is about; he has been thinking of no one but Henrietta Bolton, I will answer for it; and it is a pity that Agnes thought anything about him!"

Mrs. Colville made it all appear very intelligible to her brother, and very easy to be accounted for; but how much she herself was convinced of the truth of it, we know not.

The rain continued; and, later in the afternoon, as Mr. Lawford could not go out, Agnes sat with him, intending to take an opportunity of breaking the painful subject to him. How kind he seemed to her, poor old gentleman! His heart was filled with such intense compassion for her. He had said, many a time, that if he were a young man he should fall in love with her—he now wished that he had another son to give her. The truest proof, however, of the reality of his affection for her, was his willingness to part with her, seeing that the happiness of her life or the peace of her mind made the leaving Lawford needful for her: but she must not leave me altogether, thought he, pondering on the subject even in her presence—she must come back again to me—we will hope it is not so serious but that she may come back again! He looked at her tenderly without speaking, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"What is amiss, dear uncle?" asked she; "what distresses you?"

"I've heard it," replied he; "your Aunt Colville has told me, and it has cut me up sadly: but we must not be unreasonable with you; we must consider your own feelings."

Agnes was taken by surprise; but still it was a relief to find that she was spared making the painful disclosure. Her uncle had resolved, with feelings of true delicacy, not to let her know that of which her aunt had informed him regarding the state of her affections; but his heart was so full that it was next to impossible to conceal it.

"I hoped," said he, looking tenderly in her face, "that we had made you happy amongst us."

"You have, dear uncle," said she, rising to his side, and laying her arm on his shoulder as he liked her to do, "and I shall never forget your affection for me. You have been like a second father, and parting from you is like a repetition of my first sorrow"—she could not restrain her feelings and wept bitterly—she seated herself on the low seat beside him, on which she sat to read to him. He wept with her; he laid his hand upon her head as her own father used to do, and drew it tenderly to his knee; and thus they both sat for a long time in silence.

"You have been a daughter to me, Agnes," at length he said, "a very dear daughter. I owe you many pleasant hours. Old man as I am, I have been benefited by your conversation, by your example! I have sometimes thought that, like Abraham, unawares I have entertained an angel. May God Almighty bless you, my child, and reward you better than I can! may he bless with fulfilment every desire of your heart! Tell me, my child, is there anything I can do for you?"

Agnes said nothing; she clasped her uncle's hand in hers, and pressed it tenderly to her lips; but she could at that moment make no reply.

At length the old man raised himself in his chair, wiped his eyes, gave a husky cough, and showed that he was about to shake off the grief that oppressed him.

"Now, my love," said he, "let us talk rationally together. Is there anything which your old uncle can do for you?"

She replied that there was nothing.

"Then you must do something for me," said he; "you must not leave me immediately; Ada always is engaged; I shall miss you greatly. I cannot part with you all at once; can you not wait yet a month?"

Agnes replied that it was her wish to go sooner.

"Well, a week," said he, remembering that his son remained from home so long. "I cannot part with you under a week! and promise me, moreover, that you will come again to me. I will not fix when: it shall be at your own time; when your own heart can bear it—or when you are disposed," added he, wishing to amend the expression; "but for me you cannot come too soon!"

The allusion which her uncle had twice made to the state of her own heart troubled her; she feared that the true state of her feelings regarding Mr. Latimer was discovered—she blushed, and her uncle was all the more confirmed in his own belief.

"And even if you should never come back," said he, "write to me sometimes, and tell me about your brothers; the little fellow that has the Rutherford face, and Arthur. I wish we could have had them here! And then, when you marry let me know; and don't be in a hurry, Agnes, for there are few men who are worthy of you; but I

should like to know, for I consider you as one of my own children; and if I can make you no better return, I can give you a dowry."

Again Agnes wept; she was questioning with herself whether after all she were justified in leaving him. "I will stay with you a week," said she, "and, please God, when Ada is married to Mr. Latimer, and my cousin is married, then if he and his wife will have me for an inmate, I will come and be with you; for as to marrying myself, dearest uncle, I am not likely to do that!"

"You shall come and live with me," said he, kissing her tenderly, and looking very much pleased. "I shall keep you to your word, spite of a whole clan of raw-boned Scotsmen."

The rain, which had now continued for three or four days without much intermission, gave signs of clearing off, and the news that Miss Agnes Lawford was about to leave her uncle's, circulated about till it reached the Hays.

The very morning after it reached Mr. Latimer, he rode over to Lawford. He had several reasons for going there just then: one of these we will state. His brother-in-law, Mr. Acton, was a great promoter of floriculture, especially among the people. The cottagers all around him were florists. One of the first things which he did three years before, when he purchased his little estate and began to lay out his grounds, before his house was built, was to establish in the neighborhood a floricultural society, from which prizes were to be given to the poor for their best flowers. Since he had resided in the neighborhood, his example had made the thing popular and fashionable also. The flower-shows were pleasant occasions of meeting, and the whole country round talked of them with interest and delight. It was now the time of auriculas and ranunculuses; and the little society was to hold its first meeting this season, in the lovely grounds belonging to Mr. Acton. The gentlemen of the neighborhood were to send green-house plants; a tent was to be erected in the grounds, as a sort of temple of Flora; and cards of invitation had been issued for above a fortnight. There was quite an excitement in that little country-world about this occasion, which it was rumored was to be unusually splendid and interesting; and then came the rain and dashed everybody's hopes; the poor man's flowers, the rich people's show, and the whole country's pleasure! But in all cases there is a little cranny for hope to creep in at, and so it was now; people hoped that the weather would change with the change of the moon. The moon changed, and at that very time the most glorious weather began.

The Lawfords had all been invited to dine at the Actons', after the prizes were distributed; and now the ostensible motive of Mr. Latimer's visit had reference to this. The flower-show was in two days; he prophesied, of a certainty, fine weather, and he wished to engage the whole Lawford family to take luncheon at the Hays, as had been arranged on the unfortunate day of the proposed picnic. It was but a very little way out of their direct road, and his manner very clearly showed that he intended to have no refusal. Agnes had not seen him now for several days; the circumstance of the pine-apples being sent to Ada, trivial as it was, had satisfied her that her own imagination had given much greater importance to his attentions on the night of the rectory party, than there was any occasion for. She was going, she thought, so soon, that even the prospect of meeting

Tom at the Actons'—for Mr. Latimer brought word that he was coming from London to be there—did not deter her from the wish to be this once of the party; yes, even if her own heart carried away with it a deeper anguish.

Mr. Latimer was in high spirits—very high. He spoke of Agnes' departure with surprise, but not at all with the air of one who was much interested in it. Ada thanked him for the pine-apples, and he was delighted that she was pleased with them. Agnes inquired after the poor invalid in the caravan; he said that she was better, and would certainly recover; that that extraordinary preacher whom he had described the other evening, was preaching in the neighboring villages with very remarkable effect; that he seemed wonderfully attached to the beautiful child at the caravan, and that he himself had met him out on his little preaching excursions, with the child in his arms. Marchmont, he said, extraordinary as it might seem, appeared really quite a reformed man. He had been told, he said, by his gardener, how much astonishment this change in him had occasioned in the neighborhood, and that he had been to Leicester and taken the Temperance Pledge. He intended, he said, himself to have some talk with the preacher when he next came to Merley, or wherever he might meet with him. He said that he should like Agnes to see that beautiful child; in fact, he should like them all to see it.

"It must be that little foundling child of ours!" exclaimed Ada, suddenly struck with the idea: "that poor foundling which Mrs. Marchmont adopted. I told you of it the other evening," said Ada: "we must see it—poor little thing!"

The day of the flower-show came; the loveliest day of the whole year. It was all the more beautiful for the rain, said every one; and yet the day before had been so warm and bright, that all moisture seemed gone from the surface of the earth, so that even the most delicate lady need not fear to soil her satin slipper.

After breakfast, when every one was alive with the thoughts of the day's pleasure, old Mr. Lawford surprised them all by saying, that he had half a mind to go with them, at least as far as the Hays. Dear old man! he wanted to have as much as he could of Agnes' company during the short remainder of her stay; but he did not say so; he only said, that as the day was so fine, and the carriage so easy, and his gout so much better, and as he could have his air-cushions and gout-stool, he did not see that the fatigue would be much more than that of his bath-chair; certainly it would not!

Everybody was delighted: it would please Mr. Latimer so very much; and if he were tired he might stop at the Hays, and they would call for him in the evening. So they might, said he; but he thought that he very likely should go on as far as Mr. Acton's: he had never seen his cottage since it was finished. He said nothing about shaking hands with his new daughter-in-law-elect, although he thought of it; nor did Mrs. Colville—for even she, on this morning so auspicious to every one, seemed quite disposed to avoid giving pain. "And if," added the old gentleman, suddenly thinking that perhaps seeing his son under such circumstances would be painful to her, "I should take it into my head to stop at the Hays' till you return, Agnes, if she like, can stop with me. The Hays is a fine place, and we can get into the garden, or sit in the library; it's a fine room, and Mr. Latimer has the largest collection

of books, and best selection too in the neighborhood!"

A messenger rode over from the Hays with Mr. Latimer's compliments, and begged, as the morning was so fine, they would be with him as early as possible.

"Bless me! what can be the meaning of this!" exclaimed Mrs. Colville, startled out of her usual quiet decorum.

The young ladies went up to dress; the carriage was ordered out; and dear old Mr. Lawford, quite talkative with this impromptu pleasure trip, took his seat, with his gout-stool and his air-cushions, by the side of Mrs. Colville, who looked quite gracious. The space which Mr. Lawford required with his lame foot, caused there to be no room for Agnes. She therefore was obliged to go down to the rectory, that she might accompany Mr. and Mrs. Sam in their phaeton. Fortunately the rector and his lady were going to drive to Merley Park, to call on the Bridports, before they went to the Hays, and therefore the carriage was at the door, and they just setting out.

"I wonder what Latimer means by sending for you so much earlier," said Mr. Sam. "But it's lucky you came when you did, or in five minutes you would have been too late."

Mrs. Sam proposed that they should join her father's carriage, and drive at once to the Hays, that they might understand this mysterious hastening of the party; and thus it was decided.

Agnes had never been to the Hays; she had only seen its trees and its chimneys from a distance, and it was not without a certain thrilling at her heart that she saw them drive in through the old gray lodge gates into the park-like grounds that surrounded the house. Agnes' state of mind on this day was something like that of the drunkard, who, seeing a carouse has begun, determines, reckless of consequences, to make a night of it. This was the last time she should see Mr. Latimer—this was the first time she had been at his home. There was a little romance for her heart in it; and, if she indulged it, let no moralist blame her too severely.

And now they got glimpses of the old, red brick house, with its gray stone quoins and window-heads, and its stacks of handsome cross-banded chimneys, that gave character and dignity to the whole edifice. All was quiet and substantial, with an air of old solid family-pride about it, that accorded with the long stretches of lawn scattered over with well-grown and almost venerable trees. And now the first carriage drew up at the door, and out came a grave servant to receive them. The sight of Mr. Lawford, however, brought out Mr. Latimer himself, who, delighted and astonished to see the old gentleman, gave him such a cordial welcome as did his heart good. And what a warm welcome they all had!

Everybody wondered why they were come a full hour earlier than had at first been named: and they were destined to wonder even more, for, scarcely were they seated in the handsome morning room, when Mr. Latimer, taking Agnes' hand, with a most peculiar expression of countenance, said, "Permit me!" and then led her out of the room.

"What is the meaning of this!" said every one who remained.

"Permit me!" again said Mr. Latimer to Agnes, who, astonished and almost terrified, looked at him with wondering eyes. But nothing more

was needed—the library door burst open, and two boys at once caught Agnes in their arms.

"Here we are!" exclaimed they; "are n't you surprised? You never thought to find us here!"

Poor Agnes! nor did she indeed; and with these exclamations they drew their astonished sister with them into the library, and shut the door.

Mr. Latimer explained to his guests his extraordinary conduct; he wished, he said, to give Miss Agnes Lawford a pleasure. He had perceived her great affection for her brothers; the poor boys had nowhere to go in the holidays; he knew the gentleman with whom they were; and, not fearing to obtain consent from every one, he ventured, as the time was short, to write at once for them—and their being here he hoped would prevent Miss Agnes leaving Lawford so soon.

Poor old Mr. Lawford was quite affected: he wiped his eyes, and, offering his hand to Mr. Latimer, shook his cordially. "This was worth coming out to hear! and you have done me a great pleasure!" said he.

Mr. Latimer smiled on the kind-hearted old gentleman, and told him farther, that his son, Mr. Tom Lawford, who was returning from London for this flower-show, had promised to take charge of them; in fact, he said, Tom had had the boys with him two or three days in London, and they had almost turned one another's heads.

"How charming," said Ada, "and how much it will please Agnes, and how very thoughtful it was of you!"

Again old Mr. Lawford was seen to wipe his eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Latimer," again said he; and, taking up the former idea, added, "and I don't think that now she will leave us so soon. It is a pity that she is going at all, is it not?"

But he received no answer, for Mrs. Colville inquired at the same moment, whether they seemed nice boys, these brothers of Agnes.

"How poorly you are looking, Agnes, dear!" said Harry, with his arm on her shoulder, as they all three sat together on a sofa in the library. "I thought that you would be looking quite rosy with living in the country," said he, as if a little disappointed with her appearance.

"There, now, tears are in her eyes again!" exclaimed Arthur; "I never saw such a girl in all my life; well, I'm glad I never cry!"

"I know you don't," said Agnes, again smiling, and clasping them both to her heart; "but this is so unlooked for, so very kind, I really know not what to say—to me it seems more like a dream!" Again she embraced them. She made them stand up before her, and go to a distance; she looked at them behind and before; she laid her hand on their heads to see if they were grown; she saw how well they looked, how happy; she saw the resemblance in them to her father and her mother; and she thanked God, with a full heart, that they were her brothers, and that thus they met!

"Do you know," said Harry, with glowing cheeks, "that Mr. Latimer has all papa's works—the very best edition, all beautifully bound! Come, I'll show you them."

"Never mind books now!" said Arthur. "Let's have your bonnet off! There's a sweet sister! Now you look better," said he. "Oh, Harry, she's a very pretty girl for all you said just now!"

Harry wanted to justify himself, but Arthur was impatient to hear about the people at Lawford—"And don't you think Mr. Tom Lawford is a nice fellow, and Mr. Latimer?"

"Do you know," interrupted Harry, "Mr. Latimer reminds me of poor dear papa? I don't know how or why, but still he does."

"And who do you think we saw last night?" exclaimed Arthur, leaving his sister no chance of talking herself. "Why, we saw Mr. Jeffkins—positively and truly Mr. Jeffkins, and nobody else!"

"He was so astonished to see us," said Harry, taking advantage of a little pause which his brother had made. "There's a little sort of common just by, and a sort of ladder-stile, which leads over the park fence to it; we just mounted up to look over, and what should we see but poor Mr. Jeffkins, sitting among the heath, reading his Bible. He was so astonished to see us, he looked as if he could hardly believe his eyes. He asked a deal about you, and we told him you were coming here in the morning, and you did not know that we were here, and you were going to be so surprised!"

"And did you tell him," asked Agnes anxiously, "that you had been in town with Mr. Tom Lawford?"

"Yes, we did," returned Harry; "we told him all about it, and everything."

"And what did he say?" inquired she.

"Oh, I don't know—nothing particular."

"Now, don't let us sit here all day," said Arthur; "this middle window opens—I know all over the garden."

"And it is such a lovely garden," said Harry, "and there are such flowers!"

"First of all," said Agnes, "I must take you to my uncle and my cousin Ada;" and with a brother on each arm, and a countenance beaming with love and happiness, she presented them to her relations.

Every one sympathized with her. Ada was charmed with the boys, and so was her father; and Mrs. Colville remarked that Arthur was certainly both handsome and gentlemanly, and that Harry was a complete Rutherford.

Mr. Latimer's eyes followed Agnes wherever she went; and a much less interested observer than either Ada or her aunt, would have seen at a glance that he was a deeply enamored lover. Some little consciousness of his marked attention very soon forced itself upon her; and then Ada's quiet manner and thoughtful countenance fixed it deeper on her mind.

"I am doomed unwittingly and unwillingly to be a trouble to them all," thought she, "and what atonement am I ever to make to Ada, if this really be so!" She determined through the rest of the day to avoid him; to remain with her brothers, to occupy herself with them, and to make of them her shield and defence. She was now angry with herself, for having permitted her heart to indulge in one truant fancy. "Every weakness, every error," said she to herself, "brings its own reward of sorrow, and of repentance!"

In the mean time, Mr. Latimer was neither negligent, nor indifferent towards Ada, nothing could be more courteous or even friendly, than his behavior to her; but she saw plainly, as she had seen before, that she had no longer empire in his heart. The very circumstance for which the whole party was brought there an hour earlier was to give Agnes pleasure. It was to Ada the complete bursting of the golden bubble; the *fata morgana* of love had all vanished, and the cold and hard reality of life lay like a barren desert before her!

The kindness which Tom Lawford had shown to her brothers, made it now no longer difficult for

Agnes to meet him. What a wonderful virtue there is in kindness! She did not even express a wish to stay at the Hays, although her uncle preferred doing so. He was afraid, he said, of the ten miles farther; so he was carefully cushioned in an easy chair, in the library, and left to take his nap, and amuse himself till dinner, when Mr. Latimer promised him, that his old acquaintance, the Vicar of Merley, should come and dine with him; promising that on their way to the Actons', he would call at the vicarage, to make this arrangement for him. Agnes and her brothers, who were not to be divided, were to be driven in Mr. Latimer's carriage, and Mr. Latimer himself was to accompany Ada and her aunt. The arrangement outwardly seemed good and satisfactory.

A great deal of company had already arrived at the cottage; nothing could look gayer, or more beautiful, than the grounds; and the cavalry band, which was a very good one, played at intervals. It was quite a fairy-land scene. The grounds at the cottage were extensive, and laid out in the finest taste; there was wood and water within their boundary, and ample space for rambling and solitude here and there, fit for any love-scene whatever.

With her brothers at her side, Agnes felt not the slightest embarrassment in meeting her cousin; the most friendly understanding seemed to exist between them. She thanked him for all the kindness he had shown to her brothers; he praised her brothers as the most interesting and intelligent lads he had ever seen. In the course of the afternoon, however, Tom took an opportunity of sending the boys to row a little boat across the lake, and then asked Agnes to walk with him, to see them. It was the quietest and most secluded walk in the whole demesne which Tom took her, and she leaned on his arm quite familiarly. At length Agnes ventured to express to him the pleasure his proposed alliance with Miss Bolton gave her—the subject was a delicate one, but still she ventured to touch it.

"I dare say," said he, "it seems to you a strangely hurried affair; and so it is—but it is all right. The only fault is, that Henrietta is too good for me; and so were you, dear Agnes," said he; "God knows how I want still to have a deal of talk with you. They tell me that you are going—I am sorry for it; if, however, it is on my account, I promise you in no way to displease, or annoy you. You are very dear to me, Agnes—and your visit in our family has had a strange influence on me; but I think I told you that before. But however, Agnes, go where you may, I shall always be your friend; and if I am ever worthy of Henrietta it is owing to you—I have told her so already—and my prayer is, that you may meet with a husband more worthy of you than I am, and who may love you as well as I should have done!"

"Do not let us talk so, dear cousin," said Agnes, "but we will always be friends."

"That we will!" said Tom, emphatically. "And there is a foolish little thing, which I must mention to you," said he; "I gave you those jet ornaments—I had been foolish enough to make your wearing them or not, an omen for my heart, on that evening of my sister's party. I was very disagreeable that night to you. I was disappointed, and annoyed; but, however, that is past. And now will you accept those ornaments from me as an atonement? I wish that they were worthier."

"If it were only a rosebud," said Agnes, quite touched by his conduct, "I would treasure it for your sake!"

"Here then," said Tom, "the subject ends forever between us."

"It does," returned Agnes; "but we are friends forever."

Ada and Mr. Latimer walked arm in arm, up and down the long shadowy pleached walk, that ran the whole length of the garden. People saw them and avoided the walk, for all the world believed them to be lovers. But their conversation, whatever it might be, only left Ada graver, and more thoughtful; the true feelings of her heart, however, were concealed under her coldest and proudest demeanor. She received everywhere the homage of her beauty, and George Bridport, who would only have been too happy to have carried her lap-dog, was ten times over her slave. The world said, however, that Ada Lawford was not in her most amiable humor that day. If it had said, that a blight had fallen on her youth and her life that day, it would have been much truer.

"What two handsome boys these are!" exclaimed many a one as they saw Arthur and Harry, with their bright and joyous countenances, which bore, in their characteristic difference of expression, a resemblance to morning and evening.

"These are Mr. Frank Lawford's sons," said one to another, among the company, "and that young lady in mourning is his daughter!"

"How interesting looking they are!" was the reply; and for the sake of Mr. Frank Lawford, with his world-widening reputation, people wished to notice them; and many a poor man, too poor to buy his works, but who had known them well by newspaper extracts, or by some stray well-worn volume, which had fallen into their hands, and thenceforth became a text-book to their little circle, looked after them with a sentiment, more akin to reverence, than if they had been the queen's own offspring.

In the evening, when the company was all gone, and dinner was over, and coffee had been sipped, and people had chatted, and talked over all the affairs of the day, Mrs. Colville, who, she hardly knew why, was not quite satisfied with several things, began to be impatient to return. The boys, however, were out; and Tom, who was to return with them to the hall, was not to be found; and then, when they were found, it was discovered that Agnes and Mr. Latimer were missing.

It was just like collecting a stray flock of sheep.

"You see how reluctant our friends are to leave us," said Mrs. Acton, smiling. "I wish you would follow their example."

But Mrs. Colville could neither smile nor follow their example; besides which, and that was very unpleasant to her, Mrs. Acton seemed so provokingly indifferent about having her brother and Agnes sought after. They could not be far off, she said; they would soon be making their appearance, and it really was very early.

At length Harry, to whom Mrs. Colville appealed, said that he had seen them down by the water-side, just when he and his brother were bringing up the boat to the shore—that was half a mile off, he said, and he should not wonder if they were there still.

It was proposed to send Harry to seek them; and then, just at that very moment, in walked

Agnes, and Mr. Latimer following her. Everybody's eyes were upon them. It looked very suspicious, but no one said anything; the carriages were waiting.

Tom rode on horseback; and the party returned to the Hays according to the arrangement of the morning. Before they drove off from the cottage, Ada heard Mrs. Acton beg of Agnes to come and spend some time with her before she left the country: she would have, she said, her brothers there, and she was sure that they could make the time pass very pleasantly. Whatever Agnes' answer might be, Ada did not hear it. Mr. Latimer with great courtesy begged to hand her to the carriage, and Agnes was left to Mr. and Mrs. Acton, who seemed overflowing with kindness to her. It seemed almost as if Agnes had supplanted her with these old friends.

The boys talked all the way they went; nothing could equal the flow of their spirits. It was well for Agnes that they were all-sufficient for themselves, for she had more to think of that evening, than she had ever had to think of before.

Mr. Latimer had asked her to go and see an evening primrose of remarkable beauty; and then perhaps forgetting the flower altogether, he had led her on and on into the far shrubbery, where, without preamble of any kind, he had made such a straight-forward, candid, and manly declaration of love as left the question for whom were his attentions no longer in doubt.

Oh, if Agnes could only have acted from the impulses of her own heart, how easy would have been the answer—but a sense of honor and of delicacy towards her cousin, made the answer which her heart dictated impossible.

She hesitated; she would not speak a falsehood; she dared not speak the truth. She felt, exactly as Mrs. Colville had always done, that Mr. Latimer was not a man to be trifled with; but how was she to explain even her hesitation without betraying her cousin.

"I was told," at length she said, "even before I came to Lawford, that you were engaged to my cousin Ada; and to speak the truth, I have always regarded you as destined for her."

"There was a time," replied Mr. Latimer, "I will not deny it, when my heart pleaded very warmly for Ada; but in her I found not all that I required in a wife. Two years absence from England confirmed still more my earlier opinions regarding women. I returned cured of my passion, which, for some time before I left, I had sufficient reason to consider hopeless. I returned sobered in many respects, and two years older in feeling. The very day after my return I met you; you were the realization of all my hopes and requirings; since that moment my mind has never wavered, nor doubted the wisdom of its choice. I know my own character, Agnes, and I believe also that I know something of yours—enough at least to convince me, that we are in all respects suited to each other; we have tastes and feelings in common; the same views in life. Where then is the cause for demur or doubt!"

"It is," said Agnes, "like pleading against my own happiness; almost like ingratitude to Heaven to oppose what you say. But do not require from me at this moment a definite answer; I was not prepared for this. I feel that much is to be considered—weighed. There are many consequences, which I can foresee and which I dread—I feel as if this were a happiness not meant for me, and which I have no right to."

"Enough, enough!" said Latimer, well pleased by what she had said; "for I know after this, and of a certainty, that you will be my own dear Agnes; permit me only to speak to your uncle."

In the hands of Mr. Latimer, it seemed to Agnes, as if it would be hurried on too fast.

"No, no," said she peremptorily, "my answer is not an assent. You know not what you are about—much, very much is yet to be thought of. I cannot tell what my uncle would say—I know not even what he ought to do regarding it; none of our family, not even myself, have been prepared for this!"

Such an interview as this, might well make both Agnes and Mr. Latimer silent in their respective carriages on their drive back to the Hays.

"How remarkably silent, almost stupid, Mr. Latimer is to-night," whispered Mrs. Colville to Ada as they sat in the carriage at the door of the Hays, waiting for Mr. Lawford, who was now to join them. Mr. Latimer brought out the old gentleman, who seemed amazingly merry; the old Vicar was with him, and they seemed quite reluctant to part. He was assisted into the carriage; his gout-stool and his air-cushions were settled to his mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Colville had driven home immediately after dinner, and now Agnes had to return home in the rumble behind the carriage. The boys found it very amusing to help her up to her seat; Mr. Latimer offered her his hand at parting; the very touch thrilled her to the heart.

"Good-night! good-night!" rang from the lips of the merry-hearted boys. "We shall come up to Lawford to-morrow!"

"Do; there are good fellows!" returned Mr. Lawford, and the carriage drove away.

CHAPTER XX.

The day was ended; an important day to three of our party. Every one, even Mr. Lawford, seemed tired, and all immediately retired for the night.

Ada exchanged not a word with her cousin; but, as Agnes sat in her chamber a full hour after midnight, yet dressed, pondering with an anxious and deeply foreboding mind on the decided turn which events had taken, again the door opened which divided her bed-room from her cousin's, and Ada, pale as marble, and looking almost as rigid, stood in the doorway, and said in a sad and solemn voice, "Come into this room; I have something to say to you!"

With somewhat the feeling of a criminal, and yet with a heart ready almost to give up life for her sake, Agnes obeyed; and, as she had done on a former occasion, seated herself on the sofa beside her.

"I have much to say to you," said Ada: "much which concerns your peace and mine, and the sooner it is said the better. You have proved yourself worthy of my confidence; you never betrayed my former confession even to Mr. Latimer. I thank you! you have not caused me to lose my own self-respect. A weak character, with your generous feelings, thinking to have served me with Mr. Latimer, would have betrayed me to him. How much I thank you for not having done so! Had Mr. Latimer's heart inclined to me, even in the smallest degree, no confession of any kind would have been needed; as it did not, such a confession must only have been humiliating to me. The time when he could become attached to me, has long been passed; I cherished false hopes,

and like every other false thing, they punished their possessor. I must bear the punishment, because I doubt not my former folly deserved it. For you a better lot is in store, because you have deserved it. Do not interrupt me, Agnes," said she, seeing her cousin about to speak. "I am in no humor, I assure you, for bandying about compliments; and I say nothing but the barest truth to-night. Let me speak, and do not interrupt me, for I have as much upon my heart as it will bear!"

"I have for some time suspected," continued she, "that I had no longer any hold upon Mr. Latimer's heart; but that which we hold dear as life, we part with reluctantly. To-day has set the question at rest. Mr. Latimer has declared his love to you; do not deny it!"

"I do not deny it!" said Agnes.

"And you love him; neither can you deny that!"

Both remained silent; anguish oppressed the hearts of both; but for the one there was hope, for the other none; and yet, at that moment, it would have been hard to say which suffered the most.

"I could almost wish," said Agnes, at length, "that I had never come to Lawford; I have been like a dark cloud between you and your happiness. I feel as if it were almost an insult to say even that I love you, and yet I would give up all for you!"

"You must love me still," said Ada; "deprived of your affection I should be very forlorn. You must love me still! you must not desert me, for my heart has suffered shipwreck! But I am not going to make a spectacle of myself," said she, speaking in her natural tone; "I want no one's pity. You have proved to me how well you deserve my confidence, and therefore I place still more, still greater confidence in you. Do not regret that you came amongst us. I have found in you the realization of that high principle, and that single-hearted goodness which your father's works teach, and I have learned more from you even than from them."

These words seemed to humble Agnes; she felt as if she must sink down at Ada's feet; but, feeling that words and actions at that time expressed so little, she answered her only by silence, which is often so expressive.

"I have gone through a great deal," continued Ada, "as you may believe; a great deal in a very short time. This day—what has it not revealed to me, what has it not taught me! And Agnes, in the same way as my heart feels warmly, my mind decides rapidly. My plans are all formed; the line of conduct which I must pursue is already marked out, and I have already entered upon it. Late as it was, I had just returned from an interview with my father when I came to you."

"With your father," repeated Agnes, both amazed and alarmed.

"I told him," continued Ada, "what I had discovered of Mr. Latimer's sentiments towards you; and I have won from him his entire approbation."

The generosity of this conduct, knowing what self-sacrifice it involved, overpowered Agnes. She covered her face with her hands, and wept; inwardly beseeching God to bless, and strengthen, and comfort one who had acted so unselfishly, so nobly.

"Ah, Ada!" said Agnes, "how much more noble, how much more admirable are you than I! and yet, I will not deny it," said she, "I, too, was capable of making a sacrifice for you. Let me confess also, I wished to leave Lawford that I

might not interfere with your happiness! I now feel poor, in that I can do nothing for you."

"You can do much for me!" returned Ada. "A time will come when I, perhaps, may not be so strong as I now am; a time when I may say, even as Christ did, Let this cup pass from me! then, be you the angel that will stand by me and strengthen me!"

Agnes folded her cousin in her arms, and wept on her bosom.

"I have formed plans, as I told you," continued Ada, "which will require strength to carry out. I shall go to India to my brother; he loves me tenderly; we shall be dear to each other as husband and wife. The preparations for this long journey, a journey which has many attractions for me, and which, under happier circumstances, would be very seductive to my imagination, will be very useful to me—will take me out of myself—will, in fact, be my salvation. I shall now, from this time, look to India as to my home, and centre the true love of my heart upon my brother. I will have no one's pity, Agnes—the world is to know nothing but that it is my pleasure or my whim to go abroad. I will see you married before I leave, and I myself will be your bridesmaid. And now, one thing more, and I have done—Keep in the innermost recesses of your heart the knowledge of that which I did for Mr. Latimer's sake. It is enough that the benefit of that discipline of mind, the blessing of your father's teaching, through his works, will be my reward, and will support me, by the blessing of God, through every trial and every sorrow! And now, good-night!"

"I shall not leave you," said Agnes, "until I have seen your head upon your pillow."

Ada consented. Agnes smoothed for her the pillow, and laid her throbbing temples upon it; and then, drawing the curtains, sat down beside her till she slept.

It was a feverish and disturbed sleep, and was the precursor of a long and sad sickness. We, however, will not dwell upon it. The most untiring love and devotion watched by her and tended her; and youth, and youth's strength, bore her through it.

Three months afterwards, in the month of September, she sat for the first time, once more in the little library at tea with her father. Poor old gentleman! how glad he was to see her again beside him! Neither he nor the world knew exactly what was the cause of her great illness. Many people supposed that she had taken cold at the flower-show. Mrs. Colville strenuously supported this idea: Ada, she said, was delicate; the ground was damp after the great rains that there had been, and that dear Ada's illness was no more than she expected. Some people have such certain foreknowledge of everything!

It was not known, beyond the immediate members of the Lawford and Latimer families, for some months, that Mr. Latimer was the betrothed lover of the niece instead of the daughter of the old squire. People were very much astonished when this knowledge first began to circulate among them; but it was singular how very soon everybody was satisfied that it was quite in the proper order of things; and this was only the more strengthened, because the whole family, and even Ada herself, seemed well pleased. But greater still was their astonishment, when the news went abroad that Ada was going out to India, although

not until after the two marriages, that of her brother Tom and of her cousin Agnes, were celebrated.

And what said Mrs. Colville and her coadjutor, Mrs. Sam, all this time? They said enough for everybody else, had they all been silent; but then they had sense enough to express very little dissatisfaction to the world, seeing that they whom it most concerned had settled all so resolutely before they were consulted.

"When my sweet Ada is gone," Mrs. Colville, however, said to her acquaintance, "and my nephew has brought home his new wife, I shall leave the hall. I do not know what will become of my poor brother when I am gone," said she; "but, new men, new measures; and my brother is not what he used to be. Poor man! he has taken strange crotchets into his head. He talks of sending for that preaching fellow, Jeffkins, to the hall—I hope by the by, that he is no relation to that creature who lived with Mrs. Sam!—and he has actually had that child there that Mrs. Marchmont took out of the workhouse, and has been sending Mrs. Marchmont jellies and such things! Poor man! his mind is certainly sadly impaired; it is my opinion that he hardly knows what he does; however, I leave all that—for there will be a change, I know, when the new mistress comes!"

"And then, at the Hays, what a change, to be sure! and, between you and me, I do not

think Mr. Latimer at all improved by his two years' absence from England: he has been in the West Indies among the slaves, and in America among the democrats, and he has brought home some extraordinary notions; and he is, with all his great abilities, a dogged, determined man, whom there is no turning. I have very much altered my opinion about Mr. Latimer! However, that is neither here nor there; and I am told that new furniture is ordered for the drawing room. He has had a London upholsterer and decorator down, and is laying out a deal of money; and yet he gets not a penny with his wife! Poor Ada's picture, that she leaves Agnes as her parting present, is to hang there: they have all been and chosen the place. It seemed to me—God knows why!—as if they were going to choose the place where she was to be buried! A beautiful picture she makes! We have had Pickersgill down for a whole month: he paints one for her father, too, and I must have a handsome miniature. A beautiful creature she is—only a little paler than she was; and so cheerful—it's quite wonderful! But she's a real angel; and it's a pity that she must leave old England!"

"And then I hear, too, that Mr. Frank Lawford's widow is to come out of Scotland to see her daughter married. Bless me! who would have thought of Frank's daughter being Mrs. Latimer of the Hays!"

THE PRAIRIE SHADOW.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

I.

On a prairie, broad and cheerless,
Is my vision lingering now—
No foot-print dwelleth on it
And no track of wheel or plough:
Mile linked to mile, it stretcheth
Far away as eye can see,
And naught of life moves o'er it
Save the startled grouse and me.

II.

The tall rank grass is waving
In the melancholy breeze:—
No flower lifts up its pretty head
The traveller to please—
No friendly tree extends its arms
To guard him from the heat—
No mossy bank or jutting rock
Invites him to a seat.

III.

All, all is dreary, and the sun
Eschews the dismal sight,
And oft behind a passing cloud
Withdraws his charming light;
While on this sea of waving grass
There falls a gloomy shade,
That deepens till his face again
Compelleth it to fade.

IV.

Like that prairie, broad and cheerless,
Is the soul I bare within:
Like that it lies ungarnished—
Would it were as free from sin!

No flowers are blooming on it now,
For those I nursed in youth
All perished when I learned at last
To doubt all human truth.

V.

Like that shadow on the prairie
Is the shadow on my soul,
And o'er my happy spirit
Just as noiselessly it stole:—
But, ah! the likeness endeth there:—
For THIS shadow, cold and grey,
There is no beaming sun above
To chase its gloom away!

VI.

I had a dream—a sweet, wild dream—
A dream that lived so long
That in its blest reality
My confidence is strong:
But the angel hath recalled it
To its home amid the air,
And it fadeth—fadeth—fadeth—
Like the prairie-shadow there!

VII.

Oh loving heart—now gay with hope—
Now buoyant with delight—
Lose not a moment of the day
That always buds in night:—
And when, like me, thou findest
Thy most doating hope betrayed,
Thou wilt read aright my story
Of the prairie and its shade!

Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1845.

True Sun.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

My next personal recollection of James Montgomery, is connected with a visit which I paid to Olney, the sometime residence of the poet Cowper. In the summer of 1838, I was on a fly-fishing excursion in the neighborhood of that place, and hearing from the postman, who brought letters to our party, from the post-office to our country quarters, that the poet Montgomery was there, myself and a friend, who had never seen him, took a walk to Olney the next day, to call on him. We inquired for Mr. M., but no one seemed to be aware of his whereabouts; and, as a last resource, we went to the post-office, where we were informed that he would most likely be found at *Squire* Cowper's school. To this place we proceeded. It was a dwelling which Cowper had once tenanted, and ever since it had been used as a village school, and called by his name. There we found Montgomery, surrounded by the children, who were singing that beautiful hymn of the bard of Olney, commencing with—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I had heard this beautiful hymn sung hundreds of times, but never with such effect as in that room, the very place in which, we are told, and there is every reason to suppose with truth, Cowper composed it.

Montgomery received us very kindly, and we visited together some of Cowper's favorite spots. It was highly gratifying to repair to such hallowed retreats, in the company of one who has been not unaptly called the Cowper of our time. On leaving, Montgomery kindly invited me to call on him, should I ever visit Sheffield, which I gladly promised to do.

About two years afterwards, I was in that busy mart, and, remembering the poet's invitation, I determined to avail myself of it. I had no difficulty in finding my way to The Mount, the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant talk together, and, after dinner he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighborhood, and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was everywhere received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. "I am, of course," he replied, "but I have enemies. Not long since, some rascals broke into my house, one Sunday, while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield, (Mr. Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians,) and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand, which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However," he added, "the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment, which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand, and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house and abstracted it. The thief said his mother had taught him some of my verses when he was a boy, and, on seeing my name on the inkstand, he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse, that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."—*Boston Atlas*.

A FOREST-HOME IN SUMMER.

Would I might breathe the spirit of this hour
Into a sweet, glad song! Would that my voice
Were gifted for a while with blessed power
To move all them that heard it to rejoice!
Oh! if cold words were not, alas! all vain
To picture forth a scene so gay, so fair,
How many a loving lip should bless my strain,
How many a kindling heart my rapture share!

Around me is a bower of light-green leaves,
And almond-scented blossoms, white as snow;
What wondrous fragrance the warm air receives
From those light branches, waving to and fro!
How, hour by hour, the soft round buds unclose
And shine in star-like beauty! how the bee,
Embowered in these sweets, forsakes the rose,
And here, the live-long day, hums merrily!

And those fair roses with their clustered bloom,—
The opening buds wearing their ruddy light
Of youth, that fadeth as they near their doom,
Till e'en the inmost leaf is marble-white;
The jessamine, sweet parasite! is near;
The lavender breathes out its spicy scent:
Sweetly the varied odors mingle here,
Like many sounds in richest concord blent.

Yonder the lime-tree, like a temple green,
Stands in its summer verdure: who could say
With what a glorious light the sun, at e'en,
Enwraps that tree, when every yellow ray
Has left in gloom the neighb'ring oaks!—who tell
How gracefully its branches wave, whene'er
The all-awakening wind, with deepened swell,
Calls forth the marvellous beauty sleeping there!

Far, far away, how calm and beautiful
The sunny distance seems!—a land of hope,
And promise, and delight, wherein to cull
All lovely flow'rs of thought, and give free scope
To the soul's wandering fancies; for it lies
Half-hidden, half-revealed, and I can gaze
Upon its purple tints with gladdened eyes,
Catching soft glimpses through the floating haze.

Those nearer beechen woods, the sunshine loves
To vary their glad beauty, lingering
At eventide to flood the highest groves
With ruddy splendor. Many a busy wing
Throws a light passing shadow, many a sound
Of joyful music bursts upon the breeze,
The while those deer to yonder heathy mound
Glide softly from the shadow of the trees.

Near me the dial, with a wreath of flowers
Twining about its foot, all silently
Marketh the passage of the silent hours:
Calm monitor, that 'neath this summer sky,
Amid this woodland gladness, witness bears
Of things that here we else might oft forget.—
Of time, and change, and all the human cares
That, even here, have power to reach us yet!

I had not meant to breathe of aught but joy
In this my summer song; but now a thought
Of care has come to dim, yet not destroy,
The bliss my soul from God's own works had
caught.
To them I turn again, and o'er my mind
Their influence steals: all shades of sadness flee,
All earthly cares their galling chains unbind,
And my glad spirit as a child's is free!

Fraser's Magazine.